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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1855, and is now in its one hundred and forty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the state, and with less than a dozen exceptions, the oldest in the English language. It is three times weekly or forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—education, state and general news, and selected literary material, reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising being very valuable business men.

TERMS: \$20 a year in advance. Single copies in newspaper offices. Extra copies can be had at the office of circulation at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall,

MALONE: Lodge, No. 82, N. & O. P.; John Allen, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James McLeish, President; Alex. McClellan, secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.

BENSON: Lodge, No. 11, K. of P.; Albert C. Chadbourn, Chancellor Commandeur; Daniel P. Bell, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. H. K. of P.; Sir Knight Captain ——; Charles J. Ellis, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

Suicide by Shooting.

Daniel Rothembach, a baker employed at Davis' bakery, committed suicide by shooting shortly before nine o'clock Thursday evening. The deed was committed at the home of his brother, Henry Rothembach, 2 Hammett's court, where he boarded. He had been employed at Davis' bakery for about twelve years, working there up to last Monday, where he paid off for a short rest, his brother Henry filling his place. He was addicted to the use of liquor and was probably suffering from melancholia when he committed the deed. He leaves a son Daniel, who is an enlisted man in the United States navy.

The Aged Dead.

During the year 1899, eighty persons passed away who had passed the age of seventy years. These aggregate years were 4350 and the average age was eighty. The list of those who died above the age of seventy follows:

Richard H. Wright

Jeremiah Shea

Hannah Devine

Anzilia G. VanZandt

Mary A. O'Neill

Albert P. Teyler

Albert Stevens

Michael Culkin

Richard Walsh

Catherine King

James Hodson

John J. McNamee

Alexander E. Spoorer

Eliza H. Hinckley

Warren Randolph

Mary C. Hinckley

Peter J. Lee

Emeline C. Demond

Alfred M. Penney

Henry C. Jones

John E. Elms

Henry R. Ryder

Esther A. Wilkey

Robert Christie

John D. Clegg

Mary Lawton

John Conlon

Elizabeth A. Spooner

Lupinda S. Strode

Lydian T. Taylor

Anna A. Tracy

Julia A. Watson

Michael Adams

Bridget Harrington

Ann Barry

Augustus Golfe

John G. Grinnell

Elizabeth J. Knowles

Mary W. Hopkins

Rev. Anna S. Spooner

Anna Christie

John H. Hart

Marie McNamee

William G. Gladling

Bridget Anthony

Anna F. Colley

John H. Boddy

John M. Montague

Mary R. Evans

Ellen L. Taylor

Elijah Newkirk

John H. Taylor

W. G. Hale

W. G. Montague

W. G. Hale

W. G. Peckham

W. G. Peckham

Sam L. Clark

Samuel G. Peckham

JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,
Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

MANVILLE.

John, it will be remembered, left Moldofon-tell for Pretoria toward the end of December and with him went all the life and light of the place.

"Dear me, Bessie," said old Silas Croft on the evening after he had started; "the place seems very dull without John," a remark in which Bessie, who was secretly weeping in the corner, heartily concurred.

Then, a few days afterward, came the news of the investment of Pretoria, but no news of John. They ascertained that he had passed Standerton in safety, but beyond that nothing could be heard of him. Day after day passed, but no news, and at last, one evening, Bessie broke out in a paroxysm of hysterical tears.

"What did you send him for?" she asked of her uncle. "It was ridiculous—I knew it was ridiculous. He could not help Jess or get her back; the next that could happen was that they both would shoot up together. And now he is dead—I know that those Boers have shot him—and it is all your fault! And if he is dead I will never speak to you again."

The old man retreated, somewhat dismayed at this outburst, which was not at all in Bessie's style.

"Ah, well," he said to himself, "that is the way of women; they turn into tigers about him!"

There may have been truth in this reflection, but a tiger is not a pleasant domestic pet, as poor Silas found out during the next two months. The more Bessie thought about the master the more incensed she grew at his having sent her lover away. Indeed, a little while ago she forgot that she had herself acquiesced in his going. In short, her temper completely gave way under the strain, that at last, her uncle scarcely dared to mention John's name.

Mentally things had been going as though without us. First of all—that was the day after John's departure—two or three loyal Boers and an English storekeeper from Lake Chrisis, in New Scotland, outspanned on the place and came and implored Silas Croft to fly for his life into Natal while there was yet time. They said that the Boers would certainly shoot any Englishmen who might be sufficiently defenseless. But the old man would not listen.

"I am not an Englishman—civis Romanus sum," he said, in his stately fashion, "and I do not believe that they will touch me, who have lived among them for twenty years. At any rate, I am not going to run away and leave my place at the mercy of a pack of thieves. If they shoot me they will have to reckon with England for the dox, so I expect that they will leave me alone. Bessie, if you like, but I still stop here and see the row through, and that's an end of it."

Whereupon, Bessie having flatly declined to huddle into his bed, she proceeded to hurl defiance at his feet in another fashion. Going to a cupboard in his bedroom, he extracted an exceedingly large Union Jack, and promptly advanced with it to an open spot between two of the orange trees in front of the house, where a flagstaff was planted, formed of a very tall young blue gum, in such a position that it could be seen for miles around. On this flagstaff it was old Silas' habit to hoist the Union Jack on the queen's birthday, Christmas day and other state occasions.

"Now, Jantjie," he said, when he had bent on the flag, "run her up, and I'll cheer," and, accordingly, as the broad flag floated out on the breeze, he took off his hat and waved it, and gave such a "hip, hip, hurrah!" in his stentorian tones that Bessie came running down from the house to see what was the matter. Nor was he satisfied with this, but, having obtained a ladder, he placed it against the post and sent Jantjie up, instructing him to fasten the rope on which the flag was bent about fifteen feet from the ground, so that nobody should get it to haul it down.

"There," he said, "I've mated my colors to the east. That will show these genty that an Englishman lives here."

"Confound their politicks. Frustrate their knavish tricks—God save the Queen!"

"Amen," said Bessie, but she had her doubts about the wisdom of that Union Jack which, whenever the wind blew, streamed out a visible defiance not calculated to soothe the breast of excited patriots.

Indeed, two days after that, a patrol of three Boers, spying the ensign while yet a long way off, came galloping up in hot haste to see what it meant. Silas saw them coming, and, taking his rifle in his hand, went and stood beneath the flag, for which he had an almost superstitious veneration, fearing sure that they would not dare to meddle either with him or it.

"What is the meaning of this, Old Silas?" asked the leader of the three men, with all of whom he was perfectly acquainted.

"It means that an Englishman lives here, Jan," was the answer.

"Haul the dirty rag down," said the man.

"I will see you d—d first!" replied old Silas.

Thereupon the Boer dismounted and made for the flagstaff, only to find Uncle Croft's rifle in a direct line with his chest.

"You will have to shoot me, first, Jan," he said, and, thereon, after some consultation, they left him and went away.

The fact was that, notwithstanding that he was an Englishman, Silas Croft was very popular with the Boers, most of whom had known him since they were children, and a member of whose household he had twice been. It was to this personal popularity that he owed the fact that he was not turned out of his house and forced to choose between serving against his countrymen or being imprisoned and otherwise maltreated at the very commencement of the rebellion.

For a fortnight or more after this flag episode nothing of any importance happened, and then came the news of the crushing defeat at Laings Nek. At first Silas Croft would not believe the news. "No general could have been so mad," he said; but soon the report was firmly confirmed from native sources.

Another week passed, and with it came the news of the British defeat at Ingogo. The first they heard of it was on the morning of Feb. 8, when Jantjie brought a Kaffir up to the veranda at breakfast time. This Kaffir said that he had been watching the fight from a mountain; that the English were completely defeated and fighting well, but that "their arms were tired," and that they would all be killed at night time. The Boers, he said, were not suffering at all—the English could not shoot straight." After hearing this they cast a sufficient reverend day and evening. About 12 o'clock that night, however, a native spy Mr. Croft had dispatched came back with the report that the English general had got safely back to camp, having suffered heavily and abandoned his wounded, many of whom had died in the rain, for the night after he left was wet.

There came another long pause, during which no reliable news reached them, though the air was thick with rumors, and old Silas was more than happy by hearing that large reinforcements were on their way from England.

"Old Jess, my dear, they will soon sing another tune now," he said, in great glee; "and what's more, it's about time they did. I can't understand what the soldiers have been abt—I can't indeed."

And so it went heavily along till at last there came a day which Bessie

would never forget us long as she lives. It was the 20th of February—just a week before the final disaster at Majuba Hill. Bessie was standing silly on the veranda, looking down the long avenue of blue gums, where the shadows formed a dark network to catch the wandering rays of light. The place looked very peaceful, and certainly no one could have known from its appearance that a bloody war was being waged within a few miles. The Kaffirs came and went about their work as usual, or made pretense to; but now and then a close observer might see them stop and look toward the Drakenberg and then say a few words to their neighbor about the wonderful thing that had come to pass that the Boers were beating the great white people, who came out of the sea and shook the earth with their tread. Whereas the neighbor would take the opportunity to relax from oil and went down and have a pinch of snuff, and relate in what particular collection of rocks on the hillside he and his wives slept the last night, for when the Boers are out on command the Kaffirs will not sleep in their huts for fear of being surprised and shot down. Then the pair would spend half an hour or so in speculating on what would be their fate when the Boers had eaten up the Englishmen and taken back the country, and finally came to the conclusion that they had better emigrate to Natal.

Bessie, on the veranda, noted all this going on, every now and again catching snatches of the lazy rascals' talk which chattered in but too sadly with their own thoughts. Turning from it impatiently, she began to watch the hens marching solemnly about the drive, followed by their broods. This picture, too, had a singularly background, for under an orange tree two rival cocks were fighting furiously. They always did this about once a week, nor did they cease from troubling till each retired, temporarily blinded, to the shade of a separate orange tree, where they spent the rest of the week in recovering, only to emerge when the cure was effected and fight their battles over again. Meanwhile a third cock, young in years but old in wisdom, who steadily refused to fight when attacked, looked after the hens in dispute. To the fight was particularly ferocious, and, fearing that the combatants would have no eyes left at all if she did not interfere, Bessie called to the old Boer bound who was lying in the sun on the veranda.

"Hi, Stomp, Stomp—bind them, Stomp?" Up jumped Stomp and made a prodigious show of furiously attacking the embattled cock; it was an operation to which he was used, and which afforded him constant amusement. Suddenly, however, as he dashed toward the tree, the boor ceased, his simulated wrath ceased, and, instead, an expression of real disgust came upon his honest face. Then the hair along his backbone stood up like the quills upon the fretful porcupine, and he growled.

There was no answer.

"Missie," said he again, "is there any answer? I must be going. I want to get back in time to see the Boers beat Pretoria."

Bessie looked at him vaguely. "Yours is a message that needs no answer," she said. "What is it?"

The boor laughed. "No, I can't take a letter to the captain," he said; "I saw Jan Vanzyl shoot him. He fell so," and no suddenly collapsed all in a heap on the path, in imitation of a man struck dead by a bullet. "I can't take him a message, missie," he went on, rising, "but one day you will be able to go and look for him yourself. I did not mean that; what I meant was that I could take a letter to Frank Muller. A live Boer is better than a dead Englishman; and Frank Muller will make a fine husband for any girl. If you shut your eyes you won't notice the difference."

"Go!" said Bessie, in a choked voice, and pointing her hand toward the avenue.

Bessie vacantly watched him go. Then, as though struck by a thought, she turned and went into the sitting room.

"What is all this about, Bessie?" said her uncle following her. "What does that mean about Frank Muller?"

"It means, uncle dear," she said at last, in a voice that was something between a sob and a laugh, "that I am a widow before I am married. John is dead!"

"Dead! dead!" said the old man, putting his hand to his forehead and turning round in a dazed sort of fashion—"John dead!"

"Read the letter," said Bessie, handing him Frank Muller's missive.

The old man took it and read it. His hand shook so much that it took him a long while to come to the end of it.

"Good God!" he said at last, "what a blow! My poor Bessie," and he took her into his arms and kissed her. Suddenly a thought struck him. "Perhaps it is all one of Frank Muller's lies," he said, "or perhaps he made a mistake."

But Bessie made no answer. For the time, at any rate, hope had left her.

IVORINE Washing Powder
24 OZ. PACKAGE. 10¢
Cake of Williams' White Glycerine Toilet Soap in Every Package.

In the new circumstances that have arisen for the land to show him that I, for one, bear no longer. Believe me, dear Mrs. Bessie, your husband is a devoted servant,

—FRANK MULLER.

Bessie thrust the letter into the pocket of her dress and then again caught sight of the veranda and its importunate host. By this time the light of the sun seemed to visibly fade out of her eyes and replace itself by a cold blackness in which there was no break.

He was dead—he never was dead! The glow had gone from her life as it seemed to be going from the day, and she was left desolate.

She had no knowledge of how long she stood there, staring with wide eyes at the sunshine she could not see. She had lost her comit of time, all things were phantasmagorical and unreal; all that she could realize was this one overpowering, crushing fact—John was dead!

"Missie," said the ill-favored messenger below, fixing his one eye upon her poor sorrow stricken face and yawning.

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"They are on the shelf on the left as you go in, bairns, and there is this there, too, and bread."

Muller swung himself from the saddle and entered the hut, pushing open the creaky, broken hinged door with a kick. He found the box of Tandiekkoer matches, and, after one or two false shots—due to his thick-lipped hand—succeeded in getting fire and lighting a coarse dip such as the Boers make out of mutton fat. Near the candle was a bottle of peach brandy two-thirds full, and a tin pannikin and a jug of river water. Seizing the pannikin, he filled it half full of spirit, added a little water, and drank the mixture off. Then he took down the meat and bread from the same shelf, and, cutting some of each off with his claws, tried to eat. But he could not eat much, and soon gave up the attempt, consoling himself instead with the brandy.

"Bah!" he said, "the stuff tastes like hell fire," and he filled his pipe and sat smoking.

Presently Hendrik came in to say that the boy was eating well, and was about to go again, when his master beckoned him to stop. The man was surprised, for Muller was not generally fond of his society, except when he wanted to consult him or get him to exercise his pretended art of divination; but the fact was that at that moment Frank Muller would have been glad to consult with a dog. The events of the night had brought this terrible man, steeped in impurity from his youth up, down to the level of a child frightened at the dark. For a while he sat in silence, the Kaffir squatting on the ground at his feet. Presently, however, the dose of powerful spirit took effect on him, and he began to talk more garrulously than was his custom, even with his black "familiar," Hendrik.

"How long have you been here?" he asked of his retainer.

"About four days, bairns."

"Did you take my letter to Om Croft's?"

"Yah, bairns. I gave it to the missie."

"What did she do?"

"She read it and then stood like this, holding on to the veranda pole," and he opened his mouth and one eye, and twisted up his hideous countenance into a ghastly imitation of Bessie's sorrow-stricken face, catching hold of one of the posts that supported the hut to assist in the performance.

"So she believed it?"

"Surely."

"Well, we are going there tomorrow."

"So, bairns. I knew that before you told me."

"We are going there, and we are going to take the place; and we are going to fight Uncle Silas by court martial for flying an English flag, and if he is found guilty we are going to shoot him, Hendrik."

"So, bairns," said the Kaffir, rubbing his hands in glee; "but will he be found guilty?"

"I don't know," mutinously, the white man, stroking his golden beard; "that will depend upon what misfortune has to send us and upon the verdict of the court," he added, by way of an afterthought.

"On the verdict of the court, bat! bat! knocked his wicked satellite," he said. "On the verdict of the court, yes! yes! and the bairns will be present to witness the trial, bat! bat! bat! One needs no witness to guess the verdict. And if the court finds Uncle Silas guilty, who will be the first to shoot him?"

"I have not thought of that; the time has not come to think of it. It does not matter; anybody can carry out the sentence of the law."

"Baa," said the Kaffir, "I have done much for you and had little pay. I have done ugly things. I have real owners and made medicines, and 'smelt out' your enemies. Will you grant me a favor? Will you let me shoot Uncle Silas if the court finds him guilty? It is not much to ask, bairns. I am a clever wizened, and deserve my pay."

"Why do you want to shoot him?"

"Because he begged me once, years ago, for being a witch doctor, and the other day he hunted me off the place. Besides, it is no lie to shoot a white man. I should like it better," he went on, with a snarl of the lips, "if it were myself who set the dog on me. I would be a little more savage, in the further removed from the unconscious, but might have influence of a progressive race, he might have ground his claws down and muzzle it destroyed in the meshes of his rage and lust, like an Attila or a Tukula. As it was, he was half-beaten between two forces he did not realize, even when they swayed him, and thus at every step in his path toward a supremacy of evil an unseen power used stumbling blocks of weakness which, if that path had been laid along a little higher or a little lower level in the scale of circumstance, would themselves have been deadly weapons of overmastering force."

So him, as with his dark heart filled up with fears, he thundered along from the scene of midnight death and murder his brain had not feared to plan and his hand to execute.

Onward his black horse strides, companioned by the storm, like a dark thought traveling on the wings of Night.

What Is It?

A man who has been running a race with steam and electricity for years, finds himself suddenly stopped. It seems as if a cold hand clutched his heart. His brain whirls; he can hardly see. "What is it?" he asks himself as the attack passes.

If his question meets a right answer, he'll be told

that his scare is

a warning to pay more attention to his stomach, which is already deranged by irregular meals and rich foods.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It eliminates from the blood disease breeding poisons. It makes the blood rich and pure, and furnishes a foundation for sound physical health.

"About ten years ago I began to have trouble with my stomach," writes Mr. Wm. County, of 35 Walnut Street, Lorain, Ohio. "I got so bad that I had to give up quite often—two and three days in a week. I have been treated by the best doctors in this city, but got no help. Some said I had cancer of the stomach, others dyspepsia. Then I took your Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets. These medicines I have taken as directed. I commenced to get better from the start, and have not had a day this winter on account of my stomach. I feel tip-top, and better than I have for ten years."

Keep the bowels healthy by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets. They don't gripe.



Jess

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

then crept from the hut on his hands and knees.

Muller sat scowling from under his bent brows and watched him go. When he was gone he rose and fastened the door behind him, and then suddenly burst into tears; the result, no doubt, of the mingled effects of the drink, mental and physical exhaustion and the never resting passion (one can scarcely call it love) that ate away at his heart like the worm that dieth not.

"Oh, Besie! Besie!" he groaned, "I have done it all for you. Surely you cannot be angry when I have killed them all for you! Oh, my darling, my darling! If you only knew how I love you! Oh, my darling, my darling!" and in an agony of passion he flung himself down on the rough pallet in the corner of the hut and sobbed himself to sleep.

Somehow Frank Muller's evil doing did not make him any the happier, the fact of the matter being that to enjoy wickedness a man must be not only without conscience, but also without passion. Now Frank Muller was tormented with a very effective substitute for the first, supposition, and his life was literally overshadowed by the last, for the beauty of a girl possessed the power to dominate his wildest moods and inflict upon him torments that she herself was incapable of even imagining.

At the first light of dawn Hendrik crept humbly into the hut and woke his master, and within half an hour they were across the Vaal and on the road to Wakkerstroom.

As the light increased so did Muller's spirit rise, till at last, when the red sun came up in glory and swept away the shadows, he felt as though all the load of guilt and fear that lay at his heart had departed with them. He could see now that the two Boers being killed by a flash of lightning was a mere accident—a happy accident, indeed; for had it not been for that he himself would have had to kill them, if he could not by any other means have got the warrant from them. As it was he had forgotten the warrant; but it did not matter much; he reflected. Nobody would likely to find the bodies of the two men and horses under the lonely bank there. Certainly they would not be found until the answerguns had picked them clean. They would be at work upon them by now. And if they were found it was probable that the paper would have rotted or blown away, or, at the worst, so discolored as to be unreliable.

For the rest, there was nothing to connect him with the murderer, now that the two accessories were dead. Hendrik would prove an alibi for him. He was a useful man, Hendrik. Besie, who would believe that it was a murderer? Two men were escorting an Englishman to the river; somehow they became involved in a quarrel; the Englishman shot them, and they shot the Englishman and his companion. Then the horses plunged into the Vaal and upset the cart, and there was an end of it. He could see now how well things had gone for him. He was practically placed beyond suspicion.

And then he felt to thinking of the fruits of his honest labors, and his cheek grew warm with the mounting blood, and his eyes flashed with the fire of youth. In two days—forty-eight hours—at the outside, Besie would be in his arms. He could not misgrieve now; he was in absolute command there. Besides Hendrik had read it in his omnibus long ago. Moofontein should be sternly on the marrow if that were necessary, but Olis Croft and Besie should be taken prisoners; and then he knew how to put on the screw. That talk about shooting on the previous night had been nothing but a threat. She should yield herself to him or the old mansoul die, and then he would take her. There could be no legal consequences from that now that this British government was surrendering. It would be a meritorious act to shoot a rebel Englishman.

Yes, it was all plain sailing now. How long had it taken him to win her—three years? He had loved her for three years. Well, he would have his reward; and then his mind at rest about his passion, he would turn it to those far-reaching, ambitious schemes of which the end was something like a thorn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO KEEP A CELLAR DRY

Adult No Air During the Heat of the Day—Open Doors at Night.

It often happens that when everything outside is suffering from lack of water, the cellar will be damp even to the extent of the formation of little pools at the bases of the walls. Of course this is not the result of bad drainage and the leaking in of water, because the ground is too dry for it. It is due to the condensation of moisture from the air upon stone, brick and metal which is cooler than the air. In cellars troubled in this way it is common to find that the outside air has easy access through open doors and windows, the householder believing that the hot air from outside will evaporate the water and thus dry out the place. This, however, is where the mistake occurs.

The capacity of the air to hold moisture increases as the temperature rises and diminishes as it falls. Air at a high temperature must therefore lose some of its moisture as it becomes cooler. This water that it parts with is commonly spoken of as dew, or upon the walls as sweat. The same thing is illustrated when a pitcher of ice water is placed in a warm room; the air around it becomes chilled and loses some of its moisture, which is deposited outside.

Cellars are, in summer, usually cool, first because they are below the surface of the ground and second because little direct heat reaches them from the sun. Now, if warm air be admitted to these cool rooms it will, become chilled, the water that it contains in considerable quantity will become contracted and if the contraction is carried to a certain point depending upon the amount of moisture the air can hold at the surrounding temperature, drops will form upon every cool part. In addition to this, the cellar will become warmer because, in the case of a fall of water from the ceiling, it gives up a latent heat in great amount. Latent heat is the quantity of heat required to convert and hold a liquid in the form of a vapor. The latent heat of water is very great. The admission of air is therefore, a wise fault; it makes the cellar damp and warm.

It will be clear from the above that the way to keep a cellar dry and cool is to admit no outside air during the heat of the day but to open the doors and windows at night after the dew has been dried up and the air is cooler than that in the cellar. Moisture will then be taken up and the cellar becomes gradually drier. This method is more satisfactory than lining, sealing, etc., which are but more makeshifts.—M. G. Rains.

The beautiful girl had parted forever from the only man she ever really loved, and she was even sadder than usual with her upon such occasions.

They tried to comfort her.

"There are always good fish left in the sea!" they urged.

"Well, but when you catch them they turn out to be lesstons!" she exclaimed.

Little, there's showing that after all a person's life may not naturally do without sadness."

Discharged. Next case,—Clerk and Plain Dealer.

"You were telling your horseless carriage run at an illegal rate of speed."

"Well, you see, Judge, it was the first time she had been out of the stable for a month, and that idiotic new hostler of mine gave her a double allowance of kerosene, and, besides this, I was trying to drive her without blinders, and—"

"Disharged. Next case,—Clerk and Plain Dealer.

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"There are always good fish left in the sea!" they urged.

"Well, but when you catch them they turn out to be lesstons!" she exclaimed.

Little, there's showing that after all a person's life may not naturally do without sadness."

Discharged. Next case,—Clerk and Plain Dealer.

"You were telling your horseless carriage run at an illegal rate of speed."

"Well, you see, Judge, it was the first time she had been out of the stable for a month, and that idiotic new hostler of mine gave her a double allowance of kerosene, and, besides this, I was trying to drive her without blinders, and—"

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The Mercury.

JOHN D. BANHORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, January 6, 1900.

The industries of the country are as solid as a rock and too busy to give any attention to speculative ripples and eddies.

The British have purchased three million cans of Chelone canned beef for army use in South Africa. Better get General Miles to examine it and see whether or not it is embalmed.

New York purposes to appropriate one million dollars this year for the improvement of state roads. The money could not be better used. Massachusetts appropriates \$500,000 annually for the same purpose. Rhode Island will have to get into line.

The understanding between England and Germany on the subject of Africa is no surprise to those who have watched the operations of the two countries in African railroad construction. The dovetailing of plans has been apparent for sometime.

Our Democratic brethren seem to fare very well in the management of the city government. They now have the presiding officer of both branches of the City Council, the City Solicitor and several other officers. They are evidently finding no fault with Republicanism.

The new city government of Central Falls was ushered in with the booming of cannon. Somebody must have been very happy. Perhaps they will be just as happy when the administration goes out. Down this way we don't think enough of our city fathers to burn any powder over them.

Senator Kyle of South Dakota is at last getting some wisdom into his head. He entered the Senate as a blarney populist on a free silver, freeeverything platform. He now announces that he will vote for the currency bill and the gold standard. Wish that his colleague had equal sense.

His Honor the Mayor concluded he had in former years given the city fathers about all the advice they could stand, so this year he gave them a rest, with only a short off hand "talk" telling them how good they ought to be. Perhaps this will be headed as much as a more elaborate message would be.

General Wood thinks that the Cubans may be ready for self-government within two years. Some of the agitators are disappointed because the General failed to fix the period at two weeks. When the two years roll around, if they are all wise they will ask to be permanently annexed to Uncle Sam.

Washington correspondents seem to feel sure that we are about to buy three more islands. Denmark wants to sell out her West Indian possessions and it is expected that Uncle Sam will buy them. Perhaps he will but as he has made rather large investments in islands during the past year or so, he may conclude best to wait awhile.

Senator Aldrich of this State who has charge of the Senate currency bill, says that it will not take over three weeks to get it through the Senate. After that the two bills, the Senate and the House, will go to a committee of conference when the two will be harmonized and passed by both bodies. This will probably take till about the first of March.

There are many and grave complaints from various parts of the city in regard to the bad condition of the sidewalks owing to the fact that the abutters have neglected to clear the snow accumulation. A man who will not clear his own sidewalk is worse than an idler and ought to be shamed by all good men. There is an ordinance on the subject of clearing sidewalks which it will be well for the authorities to look up and have enforced. There is probably no city in the country where the abutters pay so little attention to the condition of the sidewalks as in Newport.

The new city government is now fully organized and ready for business for the coming year. Let us hope that they will conduct the affairs of the city in an economical and intelligent manner. They commented the new year badly handicapped with an enormous overdraft, but by strict economy and careful reducing of expenses this can be wiped out without increasing the burdens of the people. Additional taxation is out of the question. The State law does not allow of it. So our city fathers will have to cut their garment this year according to the funds on hand. The city can and should be run on the present rate of taxation without creating an overdraft at the end of each year.

The Providence Journal is very unhappy because the New Haven road does not give that city more and faster trains between Providence and Boston. A few years ago when the Providence and Boston Corporation, which was largely a Providence institution, ran the road they were happy to get from five to ten trains a day. A little later when the Old Colony people assumed control the number of trains was increased to fifteen which was satisfactory to everybody apparently. Now there are twenty-four trains a day each way and yet they are unhappy. One would suppose that that number of trains was about all the road could run to make any money out of. There is such a thing as wanting the earth.

A Year of Prosperity.

The business world can look back on the year just ended with much satisfaction. The financial triumphs of 1899 have been more striking than even those which we achieved in 1873 and 1880, just after the resumption of gold payments had ended the seventeen years of ineinotable currency, and wiped out the last trace of the panic of 1873.

While the domestic and foreign trade of the United States in the past twelve months went to a much higher mark than was ever touched before, the business failures throughout the country are fewer in number than at any previous time since 1887, and smaller in liabilities than in any year since 1881.

The bank clearances of the week just ended are, for the country at large, 20 per cent in excess of those of the same time last year. The gain of the entire year will probably be still greater, while the increase over the best of the years preceding 1898 is enormous. The country's gold production has gone above all past figures, the treasury gold fund has touched a higher line than was ever before reached, and the per capita circulation has broken all precedents.

It is hard to glance over a newspaper these days without seeing an account of an advance of wages in some great industry somewhere in the United States, and frequently several such advances are chronicled on the same day. The output in the iron and other industries is far above all past figures. The railroads, which are as trustworthy an index of general business conditions as are the banks or any of the other instrumentalities of civilization, take more money in at this time and pay more out than they ever did before. The number of cars built during the year, as thus far reported, is 123,803, as compared with 105,158 in 1898, a year of remarkable business activity, and this year's demand was far from being fully met. There are fewer idle persons in this country at this moment than was ever known in the past. Moreover, the wave of prosperity which is sweeping over the country is evidently far from being near its culminating line. The year which is soon to begin promises, in all avenues of business activity, to be more notable and beneficent than the one which is passing out.

Strongest Afloat.

The designs have been adopted by the naval board for the construction of three new battleships which when completed will mark the beginning of a new period in the development of our sea power and equal the most formidable vessels in the navies of the world. These ships will have a displacement of 14,000 tons each, they are expected to develop a speed of at least nineteen knots an hour and to have bunker capacity for 2,000 tons of coal, or enough for a cruise of 7,000 miles. The cost of these ships, when fully equipped and ready for sea, will be more than \$7,000,000 each, and they will possess a fighting power not surpassed by that of any naval vessel afloat.

The distinctive feature of these new battleships will be their armament. This will include the two-story turrets, a purely American invention, which has already been applied to the Kearns and the Kentucky. Each of these turrets will be equipped with two 12-inch and two 8-inch guns, and the remainder of the main battery will consist of twelve 6-inch guns for broadside firing.

Thus Uncle Sam is rapidly putting himself on a fighting level with the great sea powers of the world. And as he now has more seacoast than most of the other great nations it is necessary that he be at all times prepared to defend it.

An unusually low tide Wednesday afternoon occasioned considerable trouble to steamboats and smaller craft about the harbor.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1899, by W. T. Foster.

Sr. Jospeh, Mo., Jan. 6.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm waves to cross the continent S to E and the next will reach Pacific coast about 13, cross west of Rockies country by close of 14, great central valleys 15 to 17, eastern states 18.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about 13, great central valleys 15, eastern states 17.

Cold wave will cross west of Rockies country about 16, great central valleys 18, eastern states 20.

Temperature of the week ending 8 a.m. January 22 will average above normal in the great central valleys and the eastern states and below on Pacific slope. Rainfall will be below normal in the great central valleys and above on Pacific coast.

About the date of this bulletin a low temperature wave will be crossing the great central valleys, eastward bound, carrying with it a frigid temperature wave, probably the lowest of the month.

A three weeks' dry spell period with a rising temperature will follow, terminating in a thaw about 20th and then another cold wave with rains south and snows north.

New Route to Pinehurst, N. C.

The Southern Railway announces effective January 1st, 1900, through service will be inaugurated between the East and Pinehurst, N. C., via High Point, N. C. Connections will be made from New York on the Washington & Southwestern Limited, leaving New York daily at 4:25 p. m., arriving Pinehurst the following morning at 6 o'clock. Perfect Pullman Sleeping Car service between New York and High Point connecting with elegant thoroughfare coach for Pinehurst. The trip by the Southern Railway from Boston and New York with only one night travel. For full particulars regarding train rates, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thewell, Eastern Passenger Agent, 251 Broadway, New York.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,
LAWRENCE COUNTY.

FRAZER J. CHENEY makes affidavit that he is the vendor of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the amount of the sum of \$100.00 to the original executors of Plaintiff that cannot be named by name of HARRIS CATHARINE CRAVEN.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1899.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Harr's Church Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and nervous system. Send for testimonials, free.

FRAZER J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Suit by Druggists, free.

Harr's Family Pills are the best.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY STANDARD TIME

1899.

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New Moon 1st day, 5n. 27th, evening.
First Quarter 8th day, 8:15 n., evening.
Full Moon 16th, 8n. 19th, evening.
Last Quarter 24th, 11:30 n., evening.

SPECIAL NOTICE.**Farms to Rent.****A. O'D. Taylor.**

Real Estate Agent, 121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.
Becompanies for farms in Middletown, 13 of them, for agricultural purposes. The land is well situated, with fine soil, and contains a house, barn, and outbuildings. Terms are reasonable. Farms with residences preferred. Reference say 20 to 40 acres.

Middletown farmers are respectfully requested to note the advertisement. Would like for 1 or 3 years.

Deaths.

In this city, 2d Inst., at his residence, 27 Houston Avenue, after a long and painful illness, Patrick C. Sullivan.

In this city, 2d Inst., Mary E., wife of Joseph C. Tracy, in her 15th year.

In this city, 2d Inst., Ellen Agnes, daughter of James and Eliza Conney, aged 5 years.

In this city, 2d Inst., Margaret D., widow of John H. Weston, Jr.

In this city, 2d Inst., at St. John street, Dorothy C., daughter of John Tilley McKenzie, and granddaughter of the late Rev. James A. McKenzie, aged 25 years.

In this city, 2d Inst., John Neath Waite.

In this city, 2d Inst., at the residence of her daughter, 45 Walnut street, Mrs. Mary Huntington, in her 31st year of her age.

In this city, Lorenzo Burns, aged 70 years, in Westerly, R. I., Anna Moore, in her 5th year.

In this city, 2d Inst., John Neath Waite.

In this city,

NEAR COLESBERG.

French Wants Reinforcements to Carry Out His Plans.

Much Depends Upon the Next Battle Near the Tugela River.

Seizure of Another German Steamer Has Caused Intense Bitterness.

London, Jan. 5.—The center of activity for the moment is apparently in the Colesberg district, where, so far as is ascertainable, there is a great deal of maneuvering and counter-maneuvering with little solid result. General J. D. P. French has asked for small reinforcements to enable him to capture Colesberg, which the Boers command, though some reports represent them as being in a tight corner with their line of retreat cut off.

These reinforcements have been dispatched from De Aar, and include both infantry and artillery. The Boers are said to have removed their laager out of range of the British guns, but are holding a strong position. The statement is made that two British guns command Norval's Pont, over the Orange river, and the Colesberg road bridge. As the Colesberg road bridge over the Orange river is put down on the maps as nearly 20 miles from Norval's Pont, the statement about the British guns is improbable.

It is fully expected that next week will see a heavy battle on the Tugela river, which is now the real pivot of the campaign. The Boers appear to be working incessantly with shovel and pick.

Lord Methuen's cavalry scouting has developed the fact that the Boer encampments extend some 40 miles, far overlapping the British positions and making flank attacks exceedingly difficult. Military analysts affirm that the Boer trenches confronting General Butler stretch away some 17 miles, and that work upon them is progressing unremittingly.

The estimated force of the Boers on Butler's front is 250, with 50 or 60 guns. Butler's reinforced strength amounts to upwards of 25,000 infantry, 400 mounted men, half regular and half irregular, 50 field guns, 20 siege guns and 2000 artillerymen.

While the advance is delayed, flank movements are rendered most difficult, because long marches are not done with celerity and it is hard to time an attack with certainty.

The extent of the Dutch rising may now be measured by taking a line from Prinsloo, on the west, to Herschel or Barkly, on the east. Along the whole of this line, except ad hoc points actually occupied by the British, the population seems for the most part hostile.

A dispatch from Berlin says: The Imperial mail steam General has been detained at Aden after being captured by British troops, with the object of searching her cargo, which was to be discharged. The General is owned by the German East African Line, the owners of the Bundesrat, previously captured by the British cruiser Magdalene, off Delagoa bay.

The seizure of the General has considerably aggravated the situation here, and the indignation against England is intensified. The government is still earnestly endeavoring to preserve correct official relations, but England will do well to hasten to make amends honorable to Germany. On absolutely reliable authority the correspondent of the Associated Press learns that Emperor William is now thoroughly aroused by the recent seizures of vessels, not one of which has been assured, is guilty of acting contraband. He regards the seized as high-handed proceedings, which England would not have dared undertake if the German navy were more powerful than it is.

His majesty is said to be particularly incensed, because Germany has reached him showing that the seizures were not due to the ordering of British naval officers. The strict orders from headquarters, which the officers are merely carrying out, he has, therefore, instructed Count von Burlow, the foreign secretary, to demand exact and full reparation for damage done to the German flag.

No answer that has been received from London, and, according to sources here, none is to be expected for several days longer. The latest news, however, induced the German government to send another and more strongly worded protest to London. Significantly the intensity of Germany's indignation against England in this matter is a declaration published by the German colonial society, among whose 50,000 members are a number of reigning German princes, which says:

"England's recent proceedings against German vessels are outrageous. The fact remains that small respect which the English pay for Germany, because of herency in naval power, has taken such root that the commanders of English ships hasten to commit breaches of international rights so long as only many are thereby touched. This last fear to touch the German flag must be thoroughly and speedily cured."

Indignation meetings have been called by branches of the colonial society. The German press, hardly an exception, thundered out England. Even the semi-official *Post* says: "It cannot be denied that the indignation aroused by wilfulness of the seizures by British commanders is spreading in wider circles."

Diplomats at Washington seem to consider that Great Britain ought not to have selected a German captain in the Suez canal. The *Welt-Allegemeine Zeitung* says: "It looks as if Great Britain cared less for the law in question than for Germany. All over the world, she is the matchless mistress of the sea, a demonstration which adds more for the German navy, all the speeches of Emperor Franz."

Purchase of Bonds Issued Debt. Washington, Jan. 5.—The monthly statement of the plough shows that at the close of business Dec. 30, 1899, the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$1,174,300,007, a debt for the month of \$5,781,521. This sum is largely accounted for by the issue of bonds during the month.



Do not wash your hands and face with a common laundry soap, or if you do, don't complain when you find them rough, hard and chapped. Ordinary laundry soaps are good for scrubbing floors, but not for the skin. Ivory Soap makes a creamy lather that rinses easily and takes the dirt with it. The natural oil of the skin washed with Ivory Soap is not removed, and the skin is left soft and smooth.

IT FLOATS.

COPPER JEWELRY BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

Crane and Bates Take Seats of Office.

Boston, Jan. 5.—At 11 o'clock Wednesday the two branches of the legislature—the house and the senate—assembled for the purpose of inaugurating Governor-elect Whitelock Murray Crane and Lieutenant Governor-elect John Lewis Bates. The house and senate assembled in their respective chambers, and the committee appointed to receive the returns of the recent election then announced officially that Crane and Bates are governor and lieutenant governor for the year 1900. A committee of the house and senate was appointed.

President Smith of the senate presiding over the two bodies in joint convention, notifying the governor and lieutenant governor of their election, and that the house and senate were awaiting their presence. The committee returned and reported, after which Captain Adams, with his staff of office, proceeded to the executive chamber and led the new state rulers to the hall of the house of representatives. They were accompanied by the justices of the supreme and superior courts, the staff, which this year is a military one, and following this pageant came the invited guests. Governor Crane read his inaugural address, after which both branches held separate sessions.

May Have Bubonic Plague.

Boston, Jan. 5.—Suffering from some disease which the physicians as yet have been unable to diagnose, a stowaway from the British steamer Fitzjulianus is held at the quarantining hospital on Crane and Bates Take Seats of Office.

There is some possibility that he may be suffering from the dread bubonic plague. The patient is an Austrian about 21 years of age, named Martin, who came to this port last Friday via a steamer on the steamer Fitzjulianus. The suspicious nature of the case has impelled the board of health to exercise all precaution. The Fitzjulianus has been thoroughly fumigated, and yesterday, in obedience to orders, she dropped down to quarantine, where she will remain for three or four days longer.

By terms of the Law of Thieves, Whittinsville, Mass., Jan. 5.—Thieves broke into the house of George Nelson at Castle Hill Monday morning, and stole a safe containing \$220, after which they set fire to the dwelling, to cover their crime. Mr. Nelson got up early to go to the barn, only a short distance from the house. On his return he found his desk ransacked, everything in confusion, and the house on fire. There is no clue to the perpetrator of the crime. The whole affair is involved in mystery.

Victim of Assault Dies.

West Derry, N. H., Jan. 5.—Charles Clay, who, it is alleged, was assaulted at Chester on Dec. 28 by Edward Gilford, died yesterday. It is claimed that the assault with an ax took place while both of the men were under the influence of liquor. Gilford is 50 years of age and Clay 48.

DO YOU KNOW

WE SELL STRICTLY HIGH GRADE

Furniture and Housefurnishings

—ON—

Liberal Terms of Credit?

It costs no more than the cheap stuff generally sold in this way, and it lasts your life time.

This is our specialty, we don't know of any other firm in New England who does it our way. We have a large cash business, too, where you get a discount that makes the strictly cash store feel that ruin stares them in the face.

Ever Been In Here?

Why don't you come, we'll be glad and so will you before you go away.

If you decide to purchase, we pay your fare here and home again.

ONE HUNDRED ROCKERS,

Like Cut, \$2.95.



Full Roll Arm and Back, Made Right to Wear, Comfortable, too.

The Household Furniture Co.,

231-237 WEYBOSSET STREET,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

WAS QUICKLY DONE.

Cole Is Arraigned and Then Released on Bonds.

He Pleads Not Guilty to the Charge of Embezzlement

Ex-Bank President's Return From California Was Entirely Voluntary on His Part.

Boston, Jan. 5.—Charles H. Cole, former president of the Globe National bank, who is charged with misappropriating \$20,000 of the funds of that institution, arrived in this city at 11:30 last night from Los Angeles, Cal., in charge of United States Marshal Osborne and Special Service Agent Browne.

The party also included Mrs. Cole and their son, Eddie, who had accompanied the ex-bank president during the entire period of his absence from Boston, some two months. Mrs. Cole was driven to a hotel, while the remainder of the party were hurried to the Federal building. Deputy Marshal Waters escorted Mr. Cole at once to Marshal Darling's room, where the personal friends who were active in arranging surrenders were alone admitted, and the formal arrest was made by Mr. Waters, who served the warrant upon Mr. Cole, the latter undergoing the ordeal calmly.

After the formalities were over in Marshal Darling's office, Mr. Cole was taken across the corridor into the United States district court room. No officer of the Globe bank was there to greet him. Some few curious people, a few of the Federal building employees, one or two city hall officials, the newspaper men, bailiffs and deputies made up the spectators. Marshal Osborne brought forth a bulky parcel of formidable looking papers and documents, upon which he made formal delivery, and returned to United States Marshal Darling. Cole took his seat directly in front of the court clerk's desk, and his son seated himself on the left, while Deputy Waters, as custodian of Cole, took the seat at the right hand of the prisoner.

Assistant District Attorney Casey held a long consultation with Benjamin W. Wells, a city employee; Geoffrey Morse, an attorney, and William Schenck, counsel for Cole, the result of which was that Messrs. Wells and Morse were declared to be acceptable as法律顾问 for the accused.

These preliminaries over adjournment was made to the courtroom, where United States Commissioner Fiske had already taken his seat. Proceeding at once to business the commissioner said: "Charles H. Cole, this is a complaint charging you with embezzlement—"

"We waive the reading of the complaint," said Mr. Schenck.

Mr. Cole seemed perfectly self-possessed. He kept his eyes fixed on the commissioner, and at his query, "What say you to this complaint, guilty or not guilty?" he emphatically replied, "Not guilty."

Attorney Schenck said he would like a little time in which to prepare himself and consult his client and suggested a continuance until Jan. 15, to which the government consented, and the continuance was granted.

Bonds were then fixed at \$50,000, and Messrs. Morse and Wells qualified severally in the sum of \$50,000 as sureties. This being satisfactorily accomplished, there was more handshaking, and then Cole walked out of the courtroom with his son and Mr. Wells to rejoin Mrs. Cole at her hotel. It is anticipated that he may make his home at Ullington for the present.

Mr. Cole expresses confidence in his ability to meet the charges that have been made against him when his case comes to trial, and says he courts the fullest investigation that can be made of his transactions in connection with the Globe bank affairs.

In speaking of the warrant for Cole's arrest, a copy of which was sent to California, United States Marshal Osborne said that it was issued in the United States court for the district of Massachusetts and ran only to the deputy marshals and bailiffs of Massachusetts. It was not operative in California. In fact, Marshal Osborne said, Mr. Cole was not under arrest, but simply held under the provision of the law that provides for the holding of an accused person on bail. He came voluntarily and agreed that he would come on to Boston and submit to prosecution here, the southern California marshal acted only on the telegraphed instructions from Attorney General Briggs to proceed with the ex-president, with a proper guard, to Boston.

SENSATIONAL AND TRAGIC.

Death's Hand Falls Upon a Woman While Testifying in Behalf of Her Husband.

New York, Jan. 5.—The most tragic occurrence took place yesterday in part 3 of general sessions court. The wife of a prisoner was stricken with apoplexy and cerebral hemorrhage while she was in the witness chair testifying to his innocence. She was carried unconscious and in a dying condition from the room.

The case was that of Louis Gordon, a Russian immigrant, charged by Abramina Joffe, a cloak maker, with the robbery of a cloak valued at \$50. When Gordon took the stand in his own behalf, a veterinarian testified the charge. Mrs. Mary, a small woman with a face that looked suffocatingly pale, grew excited. Finally when she arose it was called to restrain her from the chair, and as she declaimed, said, "It is not true. It is not true that my husband took the cloak. We are honest people. God knows, I met Joffe on the street three days before he had my husband arrested. My husband was with me. He passed and bowed. Why did he not say something then? Why? why? why?"

There was a gurgle and the woman threw up her hands, fell back in the chair and slid off. The woman was borne from the courtroom with two tiny streams of blood issuing from her ears. Her eyes were closed and she was unconscious. Gordon wiped his hands and cried out that they had killed his wife and was prevented from testifying to his side. The judge, with the consent of the counsel, at once closed the case and it was given to the jury. The latter is summoned in a few minutes with a verdict of acquittal.

Mrs. Gordon was taken to a local hospital where the physician said she had a stroke of apoplexy and a cerebral hemorrhage. She died at a late hour.

NEW

YORK

TRI-WEEKLY

A DAILY,

AND THE

MONDAY,
WEDNESDAY,
FRIDAY,
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NEW YORK
WEEKLY
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Annual Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of the Newport National Bank will be held Tuesday, January 8, at 2 o'clock p.m., at the Banking House Washington Square.</

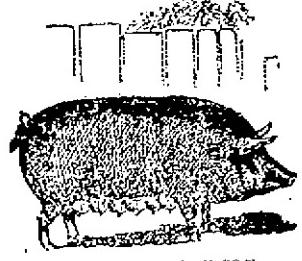


THE BACON HOG

It Pays to Breed and Feed for the Diversifying Markets.

The hogs demanded by diversifying markets at the present time are those weighing 180 to 225 lbs., with long and deep sides, light head and jowl, light shoulders with great depth of chest and wide between the hind legs, and with great heart-girth, the testimony of power to parity and speed and of great vitality. The modern bacon hog is wide behind with strong back and great depth through the flanks, hind full and wide and well let down to loins. A broad sow of such conformation will be more productive, will have the function of motherhood more pronounced, have greater progeny than any breed or form of hog at present in existence. Seldom does a true bacon sow farrow less than twelve pigs, and this is worth considering when the other breeds seldom average more than seven.

I think modern swine-raising can be made one of the most profitable industries of the day. I believe there is a better opening just now for swine-growing than for any other branch of live stock raising. There has been fully 30 per cent. more bacon consumed in 1898 than there has been in any previous year of the world's history. People had no idea what a choice morsel could be cultivated from the ubiquitous hog until modern packing appliances took the curing in hand. There is as much difference between a roll of modern bacon and the old-time pleated hams as between the porterhouse and shank, and, as a result, the mid-priced bacon of the packing house is fast displacing beef as a meat for the great mass of the world's middle class. The change wrought in the bacon trade of late years is truly marvelous. Some ten or fifteen years ago



TYPICAL TAMWORTH SON.

bacon or otherwise salted pork was mainly eaten by the lower classes. Now, even those don't want to eat salted pork any more. The most common breakfast dish on the table of the well-to-do is that of fried bacon, while a small, long and lean ham of 12 to 14 pounds is almost invariably found on the sideboard and receives frequent attention. This unique change in the taste and fashion has been brought about chiefly by two causes—by the mid-price and by the evolution of that particular type of bacon hog of which the red Tamworth is the best representative.

It is not remarkable then that the ideal bacon hogs fetch a much higher price than the thick, fat, clumsy hog, which has been described by some one as "animatized bird bladders." This will, no doubt, be an incentive to the farmer to breed and feed the hog conformatly to the demands of the packers. The Chicago packers are probably the most enterprising men in this particular line in the world. In the last year or two some of them have suggested to the swine raisers of the great Middle West to breed fat hogs, but with little success. One leading Chicago packer keeps a buyer in Canada, who purchases bacon hogs right along, paying the Canadian swine raisers about 1 cent per pound above the price paid in Chicago. From facts before us the majority of hog breeders either do not understand what the market demands or else stubbornly continue to raise a class of heavy, fat hogs, which are salable only at much lower prices.

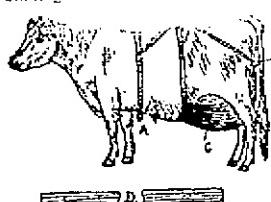
The demand for heavy pork is limited compared to what it was some years ago.

Self-Sucking Cows.

Some time ago there was an inquiry in your paper for some method to prevent cows sucking themselves. I take a piece of board, something that will not split very easily (I have used a hard piece of sole-leather but that gets soft in a short time and is no good), and fix it as shown in the diagram. Make the points smooth as possible so that it will not make the nose sore. When finished you will have to use a little force to spring it into the nose, but when once properly fitted I think the cow will cease in sucking herself. I attach a great clumsy sake for the poor cow to carry around; besides it will make her neck sore.

Z. O. S.

I take a common halter leather preferred and put it on the cow. I use a surcingle made of three-inch leather



DEVICE FOR PREVENTING SUCKING.

around the cow, back of the fore legs. Put on a buckle and loop and make it long enough so you can lengthen it if necessary. Rivet a ring, say three to four inches in diameter, on surcingle. Rivet the ring on so you can use a stick not too heavy, about five feet long. Run this stick through ring, have a snap fastened on end of stick and snap to hitch lead ring. The ring on surcingle should be about even with hitch lead ring on after. Put stick on left side of cow so that it will be out of the way when milking.

Saline Co., Kan. H. W. Pfalzgraf.

"They say that electricity is a sure antidote for the sting of bees," said an electrical enthusiast.

"Yes, I've tried it," said the student.

"Really? How did it work?"

"Well, I'm trying mine and it hurt so that I applied the electricity. After that I went over and sat down on a hornets' nest to see if I couldn't get over the effects of the cure."—Detroit Free Press.

A WALKING GALLows

LIEUT. HEPENSTALL WHO HUNG MEN FROM HIS OWN NECK.

This Notorious Individual Was an Apothecary in Dublin—A Man of Splendid Physique, Six Feet and Two Inches Tall—Died in 1804.

Among the examples and records of British tyranny during the terrible year of 1798 there is none more extraordinary, according to a writer in an English magazine, than that of Lieut. Edward Hepenstall, known by the nickname of "The Walking Gallows," for such he certainly was, literally and practically.

This notorious individual, who had been brought up as an apothecary in Dublin, obtained a commission in the Wicklow militia, in which he attained the rank of lieutenant in 1795. He was a man of splendid physique, about six feet two inches in height and strong and broad in proportion. Referring to this handsome but brutal giant, Sir John Barrington, in his "Memories," states:

"I know him well, and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty, but so cold-blooded and eccentric an executioner of the human race never yet existed."

"At the outbreak of the sanguinary rebellion, when the common law was suspended and the stern martial variety flourished in its stead, Lieut. Hepenstall hit upon the expedient of hanging on his own back persons whose physiognomy he considered characteristic of seditionists. At the present day the story seems most incredible, but it is a notorious fact, revealed by the journalism of the 'old' folio, that when rebels either suspected or caught red-handed, were brought him, Hepenstall would order the cord of a drum to be taken off, and then rigging up a running noose, would proceed to hang each in turn across his athletic shoulders until the victim had been slowly strangled to death, after which he would throw down his load and take up another.

The "Walking Gallows" was clearly both a new and simple plan and a mode of execution not nearly so tedious or painful as a Tyburn or Old Bailey hanging. It answered his majesty's service as well as two posts and a crowbar. When a rope was not at hand, Hepenstall's own silk cravat, being softer than an ordinary halter, became a merciful substitute.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions, the lieutenant would frequently administer an anesthetic to the trembling victim—in other words, he would first knock him silly with a blow. His gauntlets then did the duty as handcuffs, and the cravat would be slipped over the condemned man's neck.

Whenever he had an unusually powertful victim to do with Hepenstall took a pride in showing his own strength. With a dexterous lunge of his body the lieutenant used to draw up the poor devil's head as high as his own, and then, when both were cheek to cheek by jaw, begin to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart horse, until the rebel had no further solicitude about subsidiary affairs. It was after one of these trotting executions, which had taken place in the barracks yard adjoining Stephen's Green, that Hepenstall acquired the surname of "The Walking Gallows." He was invested with it by the gallery of Crow Street theater, Dublin.

At the trial of a rebel in that city the lieutenant, undergoing cross-examination, admitted all the aforementioned details of his method of hanging, and Lord Norbury, the presiding judge, warmly complimented him on his loyalty and assured him that he had been guilty of no act which was not natural to a zealous, loyal and efficient officer.

Lieut. Hepenstall, however, did not long survive his hideous practice. He died in 1801. Owing to the orders in which he was universally held, the authorities arranged that his funeral should take place secretly, while a Dublin wit suggested that his tombstone would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lie the bones of Hepenstall, Judge, Jury, gallows, rope and all.

Baltimore Sun.

Simpson and Sulzer.

Jerry Simpson and William Sulzer of New York were at one time friends. They exchanged confidences and discussed ways and means by which the country might be saved from going to the demolition how-wows, so to speak. One day Gen. Henderson of Iowa, approaching Representative Amos Cummings of New York.

"What kind of a man is Sulzer of New York?" he asked.

"What does he want?" said Cummings, by way of reply.

"Why, I have got an hour on such a measure, and Sulzer wants me to give him half of my time," said Henderson. "Well," said Cummings, "Sulzer is my colleague, and it would be better for you, I think, to get an unbiased opinion of him. Go over and ask Simpson what he thinks of Sulzer; they will be as thick as thieves."

Henderson acted on this suggestion, and presently returned with a broad smile on his face. "Simpson says," he said, "that Sulzer is an all-around

man."

The explanation of Simpson's hostility to Sulzer came later. It seems that when a certain matter was pending before the house Sulzer sought out Simpson and asked his views regarding it. Mr. Simpson said that he expected to speak on the subject, and outlined his sentiments. Mr. Sulzer the next day delivered the latter's speech.

Once Simpson was nonplussed, and naturally indignant. He did not speak on the measure himself, and from that time on his opinion of Mr. Sulzer was much more forcible than polite. "It was a dirty, mean trick," said Simpson, in referring to the matter. "I thought that Sulzer was my friend, but he has betrayed me false. He is a baseless scamp."—Washington Times.

Another culture along the Platte river in Nebraska is unique. In some places the river channel is seven-eighths of a mile wide and is full of little sandy islands where the water tides rise and fall a lot of the surface. Celery grows on these islands. The roots of the plants are of great size and are said to exist there to depths of 15 feet.

"What on earth are you bringing all these umbrellas in here for?" asked Mrs. Van Fashon, as Mr. Van Fashon puffed into their bedroom with an armful of rain interceptors.

"Why, I thought that reception was due tonight."

"Yes, and you are afraid the guests will steal them, are you?"

"Not at all. I am afraid they will recognize them."—Life.

IRISH AT FONTENOY.

STORY OF THE FAMOUS CHARGE OF DILLON'S BRIGADE.

Victory Snatched From Defeat by the Valor of Dillon's Proud Celts—English Hurled Back by Irish Bayonets—A Glorious Victory.

It might be supposed that the incidents of this famous battle have been sufficiently discussed and described to make them generally known, but the student of history, reading the English historian's account, is surprised to find no mention of Dillon being at Fontenoys at all. The French historians, with a sentiment of national pride, wish to appropriate to their soldiers, as far as possible, the honor of one of their greatest victories.

It is well then to establish the simple facts by reference to such authorities as are beyond suspicion. In April,



LET THE WHOLE IRISH BRIGADE CHARGE.

1745. Marshal de Saxe, commander of the French army, opened trenches before Tonnoy, Holland. This place was very strongly fortified and defended by a Dutch garrison of 9,000 men, and Saxe appeared before it with an army of 60,000 men.

The allies determined to raise the siege, and the Duke of Cumberland, son of George I of England, took command of the allied forces—English, Dutch, Hanoverian and Austrian—numbering 56,000 of the finest troops in Europe.

On May 11, after severe firing of artillery on both sides from 5 in the morning till 9, the allies prepared to bring the contest to a decision. The Dutch and Austrians were on the enemy's left, opposite the French right, and destined to cover Antoine, the English and Hanoverians in the center, with their infantry in front and cavalry in the rear, close by the wood of Barri.

The three divisions moved, greater success attending the center. At the head of 15,000 the Duke of Cumberland, accompanied by 20 pieces of cannon, forced his way into the French center. "There was one dreadful hour," says the Marquis d'Argenson, "in which we expected nothing less than a renewal of Dettingen, our men being arrayed by the steadiness of the enemy. Then it was that we began to despair of our cause."

Meanwhile the Duke de Richelieu, having proposed to reconnoiter the formidable allied column 15 pieces, with two colors, were among the recorded trophies of the Irish brigade, the First Brigade of British foot guards, the best of England's soldiers, being specially noticed as losing a pair of colors and two horses guns.

Such was the conduct of the Irish brigade at Fontenoys, like eagles in the sun, with bloody plumes the birds stand—the field is fought and won.

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the complexion of the Irish—soon as they saw the Irish brigade advancing against them with fixed bayonets and yelling out to one another: "Steady, boys! Forward! Charge!" too late they began to curse their cruelty, which forced so many a people from their native country to seek their fortunes in every country and now brought forward in the field of battle to worst from them both victory and life."

That portion of the British immediately opposed to the Irish were a choice body of men, and they had the advantage of being upon a rising ground, the ascent to which they were to sweep with their musketry, while the Irish brigade had to ascend and charge the occupants of the entrenchment without pulling a trigger.

The Irish being now sufficiently prepared, the British prepared to give them that formidable contest of battle, which was reserved for the last moment, in order to discharge with the more deadly effect. And by that time the Irish suffered horribly. Count Dillon and his brother Arthur were slain at the head of the family regiment, and a large number of officers and soldiers were likewise killed or wounded.

But this did not arrest the impetuous determination with which their more fortunate comrades pushed forward to the cry, in the old Celtic tongue, of "Hemmerick and Saxon perily!" Without any volley to reply to the blaze of shot from the English the Irish brigade ran upon the British with fixed bayonets, thrusting them into their faces. What follows is best described by Davys:

Take lions leading at a full gallop and with hunger's pang, Right up against the English line the Irish entered.

Bright was their steel. Their bodies now; their guns are filled with gore. Through shattered ranks and reared files and stamped dogs they tore.

The English strode with desperate strength, rallied, staggered, fled—The green hillside is stained close with dying and dead.

Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous track,

White cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track,

On Fontenoys, on Fontenoys, like eagles in the sun,

With bloody plumes the birds stand—the field is fought and won.

Of the 20 cannon belonging to the formidable allied column 15 pieces, with two colors, were among the recorded trophies of the Irish brigade, the First Brigade of British foot guards, the best of England's soldiers, being specially noticed as losing a pair of colors and two horses guns.

Such was the conduct of the Irish brigade at Fontenoys, like eagles in the sun, with bloody plumes the birds stand—the field is fought and won.

After the victory Louis caused his army to be rearranged and, leading it 700 yards beyond the ground occupied by the enemy, had it drawn out for review. The king rode through the ranks, bestowing on the several corps the praises which they merited.

As the royal cortege approached the Irish brigade the dauphin ran forward to the brave Lally, who, having been the first to enter, sword in hand, the enemy's column on its right, was wounded, though slightly, and was sitting on a drum in front of the shattered remains of his brave regiment, having on each side of him several English officers whom he had disabled and made prisoners.

The dauphin announced to Lally the favors intended for his regiment by the king. Louis then ordered Lally to advance in front of the army, nominating him brigadier on the field. The king and royal cortege then went through the camp of the Irish and thanked each corps, one after another, for the service it had rendered to France.

The allies lost 9,000 men, including 2,000 prisoners, and the French 5,000. Fontenoys cost the Irish brigade dear. The gallant Dillon was killed, with

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

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THE CASTOR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY & EAST, NEW YORK CITY.

The Workbox.

CROCHETED PINECONE.

(Shaped like an Orange.)

Prove 1 skein of orange color and 1 skein shaded green Fleisher's German-town zephyr, a No. 10 crochet needle. With orange chain 4, join round, and work 3 double crochet in each stitch of chain. (Double crochet is insert needle in stitch, draw yarn through, then through 2 stitches on hook).

2d round—Three double on first stitch, 1 double on next, and repeat, taking up always the two front loops of the stitches of previous round.

3d round—Three double on the centre stitch of the 3 double crochet of last round, and 1 double on each of the three intermediate stitches.

4th round—Three double on the centre stitch of the 3 double crochet of last round, and 1 double on each of the 5 intermediate stitches.

5th round—Three double on the centre stitch of the 3 double of last round, and 1 double on each of the 7 intermediate stitches.

6th round—Three double on the centre stitch of the 3 double of last round, and 1 double on each of the 9 intermediate stitches.

7th round—Three double on the centre stitch of 3 double of last round, and intermediately do 5 consecutive double crochet; take up the next three stitches of preceding round and work them as 1 stitch, then 5 consecutive crochet. Work 16 more rounds the same as this last round, and fasten off.

For the Leaves at Top of Orange: Use shaded green wool and commence with 5 chain; miss 1, work 1 double crochet in each of the remaining stitches; this joins the stem of the orange and must be kept outside—that is, at the top of the leaves you are now going to work, for which 12 chain, miss 1, and work along in succession, 1 double, 2 treble, 3 long treble, 2 treble, 2 double, 1 single, then 1 single in the lower part of the stem, and repeat from (9) times, which will make 6 leaves.

8d row—Miss first stitch of first leaf, and work 10 double crochet to reach to the tip of it, then 3 chain, miss 1 and do one double crochet in each of the remaining chain stitches, then 10 double down the other side of leaf, miss last stitch of leaf, and do 1 single crochet in the stem foundation, and work the same round each of the remaining five leaves and fasten off.

Make the ball part of sheet wadding wound round and round till you get a ball large enough to fill the crochet, put it in and bring the six points of the crochet up nicely and evenly together at the stem end, and secure the stem and leaves on by sewing them neatly over where the points are joined together.—Eva M. Niles.

Value of Cheerfulness.

A manufacturer of Kensington tells this true tale: Fifteen years ago I was very rich but ten years ago there came a time when it seemed that I'd surely fail. One day when a satish appeared—certainly I walked down Chestnut street toward the wool warehouses, blue, blue as indigo, but I braced up and put on a cheerful air. Just then man I knew came in and said: "Say, Bill, what makes you always look so cheerful? Don't you ever have any trouble at all?" "Oh, yes," said I, jolting a little; "but to look blue doesn't do any good, etc." "Well," this fellow said, "I tell you what I'm going to do. I've got \$25,000 lying idle, and I'm going to get you to invest it for me. You're so well off, so lucky in business ways, and so damned cheerful, I'm sure nothing ever fails with you, and I want you to invest this money any way you please, and I won't even ask you how you did invest it!" Well! I took this man's money. It was just the amount my tottering business needed. A year later times and prices were vastly better, and I paid the \$25,000 back with interest at—what do you think?—nine per cent.—Philadelphia Record.

Sergeant John L. King, late of the Twentieth Kansas Regiment, tells this anecdote of a fellow-soldier. John Quick secured some beef-steak one day while the regiment lay at Caloocan, and was seriously cooking the same, when a stray Mouser bullet hit the paw and knocked it about a rod, covering Huick with the hot grease and scattering the meat broadcast. Quick, smarting with pain and anger, immediately led his Springfield and all day long watched for an opportunity to wreak vengeance. The writer strolled around during the day and was informed: "I went into this war at the call of my country, but since that foul spilt my steak it has become a personal matter."—Minneapolis (Kans.) Messenger.



Boston Is Involved.

"Here," said a Cleveland man who had just returned from Boston, "there is a nest little four-barreled conundrum that is tantalizing the Hubblites. Listen to it: What character is there in the Bible who possesses no name, who suffered death in a different form from any inflicted before or since that time, a portion of whose shroud is in every household, and the name of whose death has been made famous by a modern author?"

"Eh? Is it too hard? as Dan Day used to say. Give it up! An easy little thing like that? Pshaw! Well, it's Lot's wife. She possesses no name; no one else met death through being turned into a pillar of salt; salt is in every household, and Edward Bellamy wrote 'Looking Back'!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Amateur Fisherman.

Yeast. What are we to understand by an amateur fisherman?

Crimson-leek. Why, a fisherman who lies without being well paid for it.—Yonkers Statesman.

The butter lobby were more numerous and influential than the oleomargarine lobby, and the pure food legislation prevailed.

Soon after this, Butter and Oleomargarine clashed to meet in allegory.

"How's the battle?" asked Butter, not perhaps, in the best of taste.

"The battle," replied Oleomargarine, with terrible sarcasm, "is to the strong."

Seemingly there was no reconciling these two discordant factors of our civilization.—The Detroit Journal.

"You advertised, I believe, that you would tell women how to be beautiful," I did."

"Well, I'd like to know how."

"Certainly, certainly. Two dollars. Thank you. The surest way is to be born beautiful. Call again some time."—The Chicago News.

Women's Dep't.

Ways of Earning a Living.

"The number of vagabonds have increased materially during recent years since women entered the bread-winning world so conspicuously, and the many novel methods adopted by women bear worthy tribute to the originality of the feminine mind," writes Maryon Holt Cannon in Success.

"The Clean Towel Supply Company, which is now a successful enterprise in every large city, was started by a woman a few years ago. The idea proved so practical that a large and successful business has been the outcome of the venture begun in a small way.

"Three years ago two young women conceived the idea of furnishing postage stamps to private families. Postage stamps are very small things that are almost invaluable at times when they cannot be procured, when the nearest chemist happens to be just out of them. Miss Anna Ellis is the young woman who conceived the idea that has since proved so profitable to her financially. One evening she was present at the house of a friend when the latter was obliged to ring for messenger in order to procure a postage stamp essential to the posting of an important letter. From an apparently unimportant incident has grown a business that now supports a little family of three. Her stock in trade consists of stamps of various denominations commonly in use, the speed delivery stamp, stamped envelopes, newspaper-wrappers, postal cards and samples of stationery from one of the wholesale houses, for which she takes orders on continuation. A younger sister became her enthusiastic helper and these practical philatelists have worked up a business that testifies to the practical nature of the idea.

"Last year, a young woman taught bread-making in the kitchens of New York and Brooklyn, and her success signifies that the home accomplishments are by no means to be ignored as a means of livelihood. She hailed from a small town in Vermont, where she was recognized as an adept in the art. But her success depended upon a certain brand of flour, and to the manufacturers she first made overtures, carrying to them specimens of her handiwork. She proposed to them that, if they would start her in the business by paying her a salary to advertise their brand of flour, she would teach her art in a practical way, going about in person, giving lessons to housekeepers or to their cooks. The firm thought well of her idea and decided to put it to the test. She received from them a salary of fifty dollars a month; and, with her living assured, she proceeded to her field of labor in Greater New York. The charge for teaching was merely nominal, one dollar for one lesson given in a private kitchen; and, as the operation is really a simple one, provided the flour is the right kind, she made money and had all the work she could attend to. There is a craze of bread-making becoming a fad during the coming winter, and all through the enthusiasm of a daughter of the Great Mountain State. Mothers engage her to teach their daughters, and the satisfaction attainable through such a jumble achievement as a loaf of good bread must be experienced to be understood."—P. M. A.

Household Economies.

An admirable work is being done by the New York Household Economic Association in establishing cooking classes, open alike to rich and poor, but designed especially for those who cannot afford an expensive course. When any woman is willing to give the use of her kitchen for a lesson and can find seven other women wishing to learn, a skilled teacher is sent to them. To remove all odor of charity each woman pays five cents towards the cost of the food. The class then goes to market and buys it, the teacher showing the most nutritious and cheapest cuts of meat, and explaining the nutritive quality of other materials. The meal is cooked in the kitchen of the hostess, and then all sit down together and eat it, while talk is given on sanitation and hygiene.

Seven trained teachers are kept busy going from house to house in the tenement district giving these lessons. Their salaries range from \$75 to \$85 per month. Among the pupils are housekeepers and maid-servants, and the remaining forty are waiters, waitresses, and factory girls. Many of these are getting ready to get married and want to learn to cook first. They come after their working hours and eat the supper prepared by themselves, the materials for which, with the lesson, cost only five cents. The headquarters of the Association are at 1778 Broadway. Free lectures are given Friday afternoons and travelling libraries bearing upon household economies are a feature of the work.

Women Lawyers.

Mrs. Almer Webster Powell, the gifted singer, is a member of the senior law class of New York University, and expects to graduate next June. Through some flaw in a contract, Mrs. Powell was defrauded of a large amount of money that she had earned, and then she determined to become learned in law as well as in music. She is now engaged by the American Opera Company to sing the prima donna role of "Martha" during the present winter, and meanwhile will keep up her legal studies. She intends to apply for admission to the New York Bar next summer, in order to be entitled to practice.

Mrs. Powell's new departure is exciting considerable interest among singers and actors, a large share of whose earnings is expended in paying for legal services which she is preparing to perform for herself, and for others also, should occasion arise.

Mrs. Ella McCarthy, of Vincennes, is the only woman attorney in Knox County, Ind. She is actively engaged in the practice of law.

Mrs. Casey—An' that was the strongest thing ye see in Paris, Mrs. Roomey!

Mrs. Roomey—French polacatin!

Mrs. Roomey—An' that was there strange about French polacatin, Mrs. Roomey?

Mrs. Roomey—They was French...

I'd be willing to work fifteen hours a day for you, darling!" he ardently pleaded. "Seal!" she hissed, as she swept from the room; for her papa was a wallowing delegate.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Her mother, Don't you find Jack Wheeler rather rough, Priscilla?

Priscilla, Yes, mama. And yet he says he shaves every day. —Harlem Life.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

Costs less than One Cent a cup.

Be sure that the Package bears our Trade-Mark.

A Perfect Food. Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited.

Established 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

R. I. Society Colonial Wars.

The fourth annual court and banquet of the Rhode Island society was held in Providence last week.

The banquet was presided over by Dr. Valentine Mott Francis, of Newport, founder of the society and its Governor since Aug. 12th, 1897. Among those present were His Excellency Gov. Elihu Dyer, Deputy Gov. Gen. of the society, also other gentlemen from New- port and New York. One new member was elected, Mr. Amory Austin of Newport. Toward the end of the evening ex-Gov. Francis conducted the newly elected Governor, Hunter C. White, to the chair introducing him with appropriate remarks.

At the conclusion of the banquet the post-prandial expenses were entered upon, speeches being made by Gov. Dyer, R. P. Brown, President of the Sons of the American Revolution; Gen. C. R. Brayton, Lewis F. Burrough, Hamilton B. Tompkins and George C. Nightingale. An able paper written by Lt. Commander Murdoch on the Rehoboth Fight was read, which in substance was as follows:

"What was formerly known as the Rehoboth fight occurred in the vicinity of Pawtucket on March 26, 1767, nearly the whole Colonial force remaining dead on the field. We have in several accounts, graphic descriptions of the fight and its attendant circumstances, but the place of the battle, the loss of which resulted in the burning of both Providence and Rehoboth, has not been definitely decided. Dr. James M. Whitney stated that there were practically only two localities which could be considered. One is the extreme southern part of Cumberland, now occupied by Central Falls; the other, the plain near Central Falls enclosed by the Blackstone river, the Boston and Providence and the Providence and Worcester Railroads. It is believed by Dr. Whitney that the latter location is most probably the place where the fight took place.

"From Hubbard's History of the Indian Wars in New England, it appears that the present site which Valley Falls occupies was the location of the old battle ground. Another contemporaneous authority shows that Capt. Pierce led his force across Abbott's Run. This authority, with others bearing upon the same point, induces us to believe that the fight took place on the banks of Abbott's Run, probably south of Cumberland Mills, and not on the plain near Central Falls. Apparently there were 32 killed in this battle, a list which is still preserved containing 48 names, while the Rehoboth town records show two more. Another man came from Eastham, and still another is thought to have come from Scituate. There were 15 who fell who were residents of this little town of Scituate.

"An account of the battle shows that Capt. Pierce left Plymouth settlement with a force of fifty Englishmen and twenty friendly Indians and had a skirmish with the enemy within the present limits of the town of East Providence on March 25. The next morning he started from Rumford towards Lousdale station with a force of 63 English and his friendly Indians. Requests for reinforcements were sent to Providence, but owing to a delay they came too late. A force of 90 Narragansetts were encountered, though the number may perhaps have been less, and Pierce and his men laid down their lives. The English were surrounded, but kept up the fight as long as one remained to do so. The old records show that the Narragansetts lost 140 warriors. Of the English who escaped death only one is known to have been on the field, and he was chased to safety by a friendly Indian, who pursued him with uplifted tomahawk, this clever device saving the lives of both. The others were probably separated from the main body in its advance and on finding the latter surrounded, made its own escape.

"It is frequently charged that the English were led into a prearranged ambush, but the evidence adduced from the historians' account would not seem to justify this assertion. It was simply a determined attack upon a sought-for enemy made near the place where previous information had announced him to be. It was successful, the attempted ambuscade was broken up and pursued across Abbott's run.

"Could anything be so appropriate a reminder of the actions of this band of heroes as a monument on the ground where they made their good fight, inscribed with their names, so fortunately preserved to us. The Society of Colonial Wars in Rhode Island and Massachusetts might act as agents in the collection of funds for the purpose, while the towns of old Plymouth Colony, each of which lost some of its sons on that memorable day, might unite with Valley Falls in furthering the scheme. We are safe in emphasizing the importance of the occasion and demanding that public attention shall be drawn towards it. It was a gallant deed by brave men and the more its details are known and studied the more fully we feel that we can through all general studies profit by this battlefield, the courage, spirit and resolution, which have made our country what it is, and hope that when confronted by problems of its own, the same qualities in its citizens will enable it to meet its destiny as proudly and as gloriously as our forefathers faced their trials and foes in days gone by."

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too early eating, is relieved at once by taking one or Carter's Little Liver Pill immediately after dinner. Don't forget it.

Honest boys make lawless men.

There is no one article in the line of meat substitutes that gives so large a return for the money as Carter's Little Liver Pill. It is a good tonic, strengthening and invigorating.

To be always bold, is not always to be safe.

It has been fully demonstrated that Ely's cream Balsam is specific for Nasal Catarrh and cold in the head. This illustration has been relieved of the red tint of the nostrils, and shows the condition of the membranes in the nose and sinuses can be cured by this purifying and healing treatment. Sold by druggists or it will be mailed for 50 cents by Ely Brothers, 38 Warren Street, New York. It spreads over the membrane, is absorbed and relieves immediate.

The nearer you sit, the better you can live.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Nerve Pill. This specific cures nervous prostration in both men and women.

It relieves the malady needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, who fail to get proper strength from their sleep. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sickly children, &c., readily yield to the Little Nerve Pill.

Children are born; men are made.

CARTORIA. The Kind You Has Always Had.

See the Signatures of Dr. H. Fletcher.

Dr. H. Fletcher.

Historical and Genealogical.**Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:
1. Name and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Medical, theological, historical, genealogical, and other papers
submitted, must be sent to the editor of the Mercury, or to the editor of the
Mercury, accompanied by a stamp of
envelope, indicating the amount of postage
and the date of mailing.

Direct all communications to
R. H. TILLEY, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, 1750-1800.

NEW LONDON, February 26, 1770.—Last week a privateer belonging to the enemy was drove ashore near Sachem's Head by a gale of wind. She had a few days ago taken Capt. Giles Sage in a sloop bound to this port from the West Indies, with a valuable cargo on board. The privateer, on taking Capt. Sage, mortified him and people on board; who on this occasion have got their liberty.

Wednesday morning a fleet of above 30 sail of shipping, from the westward went down the sound.

Wednesday evening the privateer brig Nancy, Captain Pinkham, returned into port from a cruise.

By Capt. Pinkham we learn that Capt. Billings, in the ship Governor Trumbull, lately landed a party of men on the island of Tabago, and unfortunately left two men killed and twenty-six made prisoners.

The whaleboat Revenge, Captain Champlin, has taken off Point Judith and brought into Stonington, a sloop from Sag Harbour, bound to Newport laden with wood and provisions.

Died at Groton, Mrs. Ledyard, consort of Ebenezer Ledyard, Esq.—Connecticut Gazette, Feb. 26, 1770.

NEWPORT, October 6, 1780.—Yesterday we arrived here from Philadelphia, His Excellency the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Minister Plenipotentiary from the court of France to these States.

On Tuesday last departed this life in the 70th year of his age, Mr. William Coddington, of this town: A gentleman who has sustained the office of Town Clerk for upwards of forty years with great integrity and to universal satisfaction. His remains were interred on Thursday last.

Last Saturday evening came on a storm, with the wind at N. E., which blew exceeding hard for five or six hours, but happily very little damage was done to the shipping in the harbour, except one transport, which was forced on shore at Brenton's Neck.

By a gentleman just arrived in town from head-quarters, we are informed that Major Andre, the late British spy, was executed there, at 12 o'clock, on Monday last.—We likewise learn that the trial of Mr. Smith, his conductor, was deferred for a few days.—Newport Mercury, Oct. 9, 1780.

PROVIDENCE, October 5, 1780.—By a gentleman who arrived in town yesterday from New London, we are informed that Capt. Hart, of Saybrook, in Connecticut, being out on a cruise, in a private sloop Retribution, one day last married first Hannah Hathaway, of Freetown, Mass., and had 16 children, second, Anna Tripp, of Abial, Portsmouth, R. I., and had two children.

Spencer, Benjamin, Esq., and Betsey Cornell, of George, Newport, R. I., married August 7, 1780.

Sayer, Joshua, and Betsey Davis, of William, Esq., of Newport, R. I., married August 25, 1780.

Slocum, Benjamin, Newport, R. I., died August 31, 1780, aged 30 years.

Street, Rev. Adam, Smithfield, R. I., died September 4, 1780.

Sheldon, William, and Esther Gavitt, South Kingstown, R. I., married January 21, 1781.

Sweet, Abigail, widow, Newport, R. I., died February 4, 1781.

Stevens, Captain William, late of Newport, R. I., died at Alexandria, Virginia, February 4, 1781.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

977. BARBER.—SHERMAN—Pelegr Barber, of Thomas and Mary (Barney) Barber, of Thomas and Avis (Tanner) Barber, of Moses and Susannah (Wait) Barber, born 1761, died —? married Isabel Sherman. Whose daughter was she? I think she had a sister Sally. Would be pleased to learn the dates of her birth, marriage and death. Her first child Thomas was born in Hopkinton, R. I., October 24, 1781, followed by ten others, between 1783 and 1802.—B. J. P.

978. TANNER.—BARBER.—Whose daughter was Avis —, who married Thomas Barber, of Moses and Susannah (Wait) Barber? It has been given as Tanner. Can it be confirmed?—B. J. P.

979. PECKHAM, HATHAWAY.—Reuben Peckham, son of Timothy³ and Diana (—) Peckham, of John Jr. and Sarah (—) Peckham, of John and Eliza (—) Peckham, married December 10, 1730, Patience Hathaway, of New Bedford, Mass. They had children recorded: 1. Ruth, born September 5, 1731; 2. Patience, born February 13, 1732; 3. Timothy, born November 6, 1734.

I should like to know if there were others. Was this Reuben Peckham the man that removed from Dartmouth, Mass., and purchased land in Stonington, Conn., in 1745?—B. J. P.

980. RING.—HOPKINS.—Deborah Hopkins, daughter of Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the Mayflower Compact, was born at Plymouth, Mass., in 1622, and married in 1646, Andrew Ring, who was a child when his mother's will was made, in 1631. It is said they had a daughter Mary. Can any one tell me whom she married, and when? I should also like to learn the dates of her birth and death.—E. M. T.

981. BRACKETT, DRAKE.—Anthony Brackett, son of Anthony, of Portsmouth, N. H., married first Anna Mitton in 1679, and second, Susanna Drake, daughter of Abraham and Jane (—) Drake. Can any one tell me what the maiden name of Jane (—) Drake was, and anything about her parentage and family?—M. B. S.

982. LAMBERT.—Can any one give me the parentage of John Lambert, of Norwich, Conn., who died July 30, 1727? What was his wife's name, and who were her parents? Where did he live? Any information concerning her family gratefully received.—S. C.

983. WHITE.—Who was Mary, wife of Joseph White, of Taunton, Mass.,

Stoneham, Abigail, of Newport, R. I., and Sir John, Knight of Malta, Captain of Cavalry, in the service of His Most Christian Majesty, married at Hampton, September 5, 1771.

Sisson, Mrs., wife of Robert, died May 29, 1775.

Stiles, Elizabeth, wife of Reverend Ezra, died this morning, aged 43 years, Newport, R. I., MERCURY of May 29, 1775.

Stevens, Eliasha, died September 18, 1775, Newport, R. I.

Stevens, David, of Thomas, "drowned last Tuesday, from boat capsizing,"

aged 11 years. MERCURY of October 2, 1775.

Sweet, Ruth, widow of Captain George, Newport, R. I., died February 2, 1782.

Sherman, Katharine, wife of Captain Ebenezer, Newport, R. I., died February 9, 1782.

Sherman, —, widow of Ebisha, Newport, R. I., died July 6, 1782.

Spicer, Polly, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Stouton, Nabby, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Stall, John, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Sanford, Ann, widow of Captain Benjamin, Newport, R. I., died September 28, 1782, aged 73 years.

Stiles, Rev. Ezra, and Mrs. Mary Checkley, widow of late William, Esq., Providence, R. I., "united matric Cranston," married November 2, 1782.

Swindall, Thomas, Newport, R. I., died "a B." May 21, 1783, very old.

Shreve, Mary, widow of late John, Portsmouth, R. I., died July 11, 1783, aged 60 years.

Shuttle, Henry Edwin, British Navy, and Peggy Mahone, daughter of Captain Francis, Newport, R. I., married August 23, 1783.

Stevens, Joseph, Newport, R. I., died November 8, 1783.

Seymour, Frederick, Esq., Merchant, Island of Grenada, and Bullock Atay, of Tiverton, R. I., married December 2, 1783.

Sayles, Captain David, and Silence Whipple, of Captain Stephen Smithfield, R. I., married March 6, 1784.

Smith, Benjamin, Bristol, R. I., died April 10, 1784, aged 57 years.

Stiles, Ezra, Esq., of Rev. Ezra, Attorney, North Carolina, died October 16, 1784, aged 25 years.

Sheatman, Peleg and Avis Thurston, of Samuel, Newport, R. I., married December 11, 1784.

Sheldon, Daniel, and Deborah Bailey of Constant, Newport, R. I., married December 11, 1784.

Smith, Mrs., wife of Stephen, Bristol, R. I., died January 22, 1785.

Stanhope, Edward, and Polly Stall, of William, married February 5, 1785.

Swanson, Benjamin, Portsmouth, R. I., died March 5, 1785.

Stevens, John, of Thomas, Newport, R. I., died May 7, 1785.

Sayer, Sarah, wife of Captain Benjamin, Newport, R. I., May 10, 1785, aged 48 years.

Sherburne, Colonel Henry, and Catherine Tweedy, widow of William, Newport, R. I., married May 29, 1785.

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Stevens, Fanny, of Thomas, Newport, R. I., died at Newport, September 14, 1785, aged 19 years.

Safford, Hon. Gurdon, of New London, Conn., died at the residence of Thomas Mountford, Esq., Norwichtown, October 8, 1785, aged 77 years.

Sanford, William, of Giles, Newport, R. I., died at sea, October 15, 1785.

Spalding, Edward, Clockmaker, Providence, R. I., died December 26, 1785, aged 53 years.

Sprague, —, son of Elisha, Portsmouth, R. I., died May 22, 1785, aged 10 years.

Strange, Lott, Portsmouth, R. I., died June 6, 1785, aged 57 years. "He married first Hannah Hathaway, of Freetown, Mass., and had 16 children, second, Anna Tripp, of Abial, Portsmouth, R. I., and had two children."

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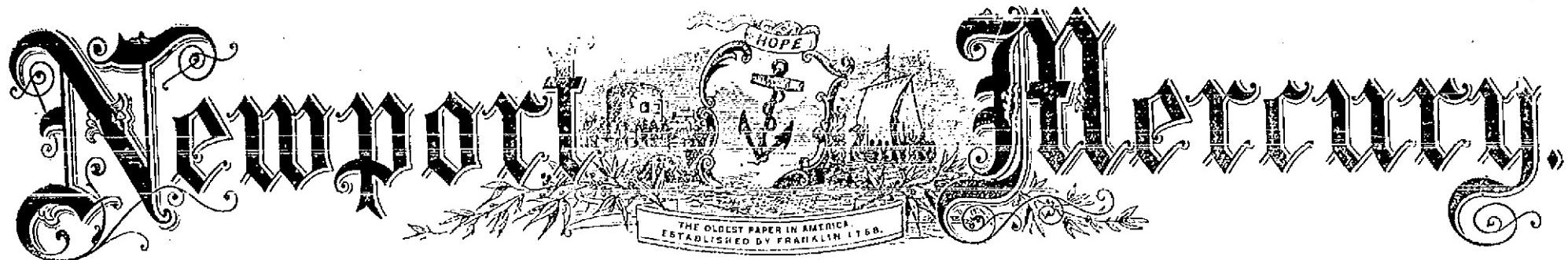
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VOLUME XLII.—NO. 30.

NEWPORT, R. I., JANUARY 6, 1900.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,003.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED DAILY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

12 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1755, and is now in its one hundred and forty-five year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and is more than half a dozen years older than the oldest printed in the English language. It has three columns of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected intelligence and valuable features and household paragraphs. Reaching so many households in this and other cities, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Costs: \$200 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given to advertisers by inquiring the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MARLBOROUGH LODGE, No. 30, N. E. D. P., John Allen, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James McLeish, President; Alex. McLeish, secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays evenings of each month.

NEWBROOK LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., Albert C. Chaudhury, Chancellor Commander; Daniel P. Bell, Keeper of Records and Seal; meet every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. D. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain ———; Charles H. Ells, Recorder, meets every Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

Suicide by Shooting.

Daniel Rothembach, a baker employed at Davis' bakery, committed suicide by shooting shortly before nine o'clock Thursday evening. The deed was committed at the home of his brother, Henry Rothembach, 2 Franklin's court, where he boarded. He had been employed at Davis' bakery for about twelve years, working there up to last Monday, where he laid off for a short rest, his brother Henry filling his place. He was addicted to the use of liquor and was probably suffering from melancholia when he committed the deed. He leaves a son Daniel, who is an enlisted man in the United States navy.

The Aged Dead.

During the year 1890 eighty persons passed away who had passed the age of seventy years. These aggregate years were 6350 and the average age was eighty. The list of those who died above the age of seventy follows:

Richard B. Wright

Jeremiah Shear

David G. Moore

Arazenzo G. VanZandt

Mury A. O'Neill

Albert F. Geyer

Albert A. Stevens

Michael Cullivan

Richard J. Mulligan

James Hodges

Margaret Alexander

Ellen Hulph

Rev. Warren Randolph

Mary C. Hammond

Peter J. H. Smith

John C. Diamond

Alice M. Peabody

Howes A. Bird

Jones Elles

Hannah R. Ryder

Esther A. Wilkes

Robert C. Miller

John C. Sullivan

Mary Lueton

John Congdon

Elizabeth A. Spooner

Lucinda S. Gorle

Lydia T. Taylor

Alice A. Taylor

Hannah W. Taylor

Michael Adams

Brigadier Harrington

Ann Barry

Augustus Goffe

James F. Brown and

Edmund F. Knowles

Mary W. Hopkins

Rebecca A. Spencer

Jane Christie

Ann Mathewson

Lydia M. Barker

Mary McLean

William C. Hollingshead

Brigadier Midleton

John Peabody

John Peabody

Mary Costello

Madeline Southwick

Mary R. Dyer

Robert C. Miller

John C. Sullivan

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Augustus Goffe

James F. Brown and

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JESS.By H. RIDER HAGGARD,
Author of "King Solomon's Mines," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

MEANWHILE

John, it will be remembered, left Moodon-
tela for Pretoria toward the end of Decem-
ber and with him went all the life and light
of the place."Dear me, Bessie," said old Silas Croft on
the evening after he had started, "the place
seems very dull without Jantje, a remark in
which Bessie, who was secretly weeping in
the corner, heartily concurred.Then, a few days afterward, came the news
of the investment of Pretoria, but news of
John. They ascertained that he had passed
Standerton in safety, but beyond that nothing
could be heard of him. Day after day
passed, but no news, and at last, one evening,
Bessie broke out in a paroxysm of hysterical
tears."What did you send him for?" she asked of
her uncle. "It was ridiculous—I know it was
ridiculous. He could not help Jess or get her
back; the most that could happen was that
they both would be shut up together. And
now he is dead—I know that those Boers
shot him—and it is all your fault! And if he
is dead I will never speak to you again."The old man retreated, somewhat dis-
mayed at this outburst, which was not at all
in Bessie's style."Ah, well," he said to himself, "that is the
way of women; they turn into tigers about a
man!"There may have been truth in this reflec-
tion, but a tiger is not a pleased domestic
pet, as poor Silas found out during the next
two months. The more Bessie thought about
the matter the more increased she grew at his
having sent her lover away. Indeed, in a
little while she quite forgot that she had her-
self acquitted in his going. In short, her
temper completely gave way under the strain,
that at last, her uncle scarcely dared to men-
tion John's name.Meanwhile things had been going on
without as within. First of all—that was the
day after John's departure—two or three
loyal Boers and an English storekeeper from
Lake Christie, in New Scotland, outspanned
on the place, and came and implored Silas
Croft to fly for his life into Natal while there
was yet time. They said that the Boers
would certainly shoot any Englishmen who
might be sufficiently defenseless. But the old
man would not listen."I am an Englishman—civilian Roman-
ian," he said, in his sturdy fashion, "and I
do not believe that they will touch me, who
have lived among them for twenty years.
At any rate, I am not going to run away and
leave my place at the mercy of a pack of
thieves. If they shoot me, they will have to
reckon with England for the deed, so I ex-
pect that they will leave me alone. Bessie
can go if she likes, but I shall step here and
see the way through, and there's an end of it!"Whereon, Bessie having flatly declined to
budge an inch, the loyalists departed in a
hurry, metaphorically wringing their hands
at such an exhibition of ill-places confidence
and insular pride. This little scene occurred
at dinner time, and after dinner old Silas
proceeded to hurl defiance at his foes in an
other fashion. Going to a cupboard in his
bedroom, he extracted an exceedingly large
Union Jack, and promptly advanced with it
to an open spot between two of the orange
trees in front of the house, where a flagstaff
was planted, formed of a very tall young
blue gum, in such a position that it could be
seen for miles around. On this flagstaff he
was old Silas' habit to hoist the Union Jack
on the queen's birthday, Christmas day and
other state occasions."Now, Jantje," he said, when he had bent
on the flag, "run her up, and I'll cheer," and,
accordingly, as the broad flag floated out on
the breeze, he took off his hat and waved it,
and gave such a "hip, hip, hurrah!" in his
stentorian tones that Bessie came running
down from the house to see what was the
matter. Nor was he satisfied with this, but,
having obtained a ladder, he placed it against
the post and sent Jantje up it, instructing
him to fasten the rope on which the flag was
bent about fifteen feet from the ground, so
that nobody should get at it to haul it down."There," he said, "I've raised my colors to
the mast. That will show these gentrified
that an Englishman lives here.""Confound their politics!
Frustrate their knavish tricks—
God save the queen!""Amen," said Bessie, but she had her doubts
about the wisdom of that Union Jack which,
whatever the wind blew, streamed out a
visible defiance not calculated to soothe the
breast of excited patriots.Indeed, two days after that, a party of
three Boers, spring the ensign while ret-
iring off, came galloping up in hot haste
to see what it meant. Silas saw them com-
ing, and taking his rifle to his hand, went
and stood beneath the flag, for which he had
an almost superstitious veneration, feeling
sure that they would not dare to trouble
either with him or it."What is the meaning of this, One Silas?"
asked the leader of the three men, with all
of whom he was perfectly acquainted."It means that an Englishman lives here,
Jantje," was the answer.

"Haul the dirty rag down," said the man.

"I will see you all first," replied old
Silas.Thereupon the Boer dismounted and made
for the flagstaff, only to find Uncle Croft's
rifle in a direct line with his chest."You will have to shoot my fist, Jantje," he
said, and thereon, after some evasions,
they left him and went away.The fact was, notwithstanding that
he was an Englishman, Silas Croft was very
regular with the Boers, so when had
known him since they were children, and a
member of whose volunteer he had twice
been. It was to this personal popularity that
he owed the fact that he was not turned out
of his house and forced to choose between
serving against his countrymen or being im-
prisoned and otherwise maltreated at the
very commencement of the rebellion.For a fortnight or more after this flagpole
nothing of any importance happened, and
then came the news of the crushing defeat at
Laing's Nek. At first Silas Croft would not
believe the news. "No general could have
been so mad," he said; but soon the report
was amply confirmed from native sources.Another week passed, and with it came the
news of the British defeat at Ingogo. The
first they heard of it was on the morning of
Feb. 3, when Jantje brought a Kaffir up to
the veranda at breakfast-time. This Kaffir
said that he had been watching the fight from
a mountain; that the English were completely
beaten in and fighting well, but that "their
arms were fine," and that they would all be
killed at night time. The Boers, he said,
were not suffering at all—the English could
not shoot straight. After hearing this they
passed a sufficiently miserable day and evening,
about 12 o'clock that night, however,a native spy Mr. Croft had dispatched can-
back with the news that the English general
had got safely back to camp, having suffered
heavily and abandoned his wounded, many of
whom had died in the rain, for the night
after the battle was over.They came another long pause, during
which no reliable news reached them, though
the air was thick with rumors, and old Silas
was made happy by hearing that large re-en-
forcements were on their way from England.

"Ah, Bessie, my dear, they will soon sing

another tune now," he said, in great glee;

"and what's more, it's about time they did."

"I can't understand what the soldiers have
been about—I can't indeed."

And so the time wore heavily along till at

last there came a dreadful day which Bessie

will never forget as long as she lives. It was

the 20th of February—just a week before the

that disaster at Magers Hill. Bessie was

standing on the veranda, looking down

the long avenue of blue gums, where the

Kaffirs found a dark network to catch the

wandering rays of light. The place looked

very peaceful, and certainly no one could

have known from its appearance that a

bloody war was being waged within a few

miles. The Kaffirs came and went about

their work as usual, or made pretense to, but

now and then a close observer might see them

stop and look toward the Drakensberg and

then say a few words to their neighbor about

the wonderful thing that had come to pass

that the Boers were beating the great white

people, who came out of the sea and shook

the earth with their tread. Whenever the

neighbor would take the opportunity to relax

from toil and squat down and have a pinch

of snuff, and relax in what particular collec-

tion of roses on the hillside he and his wives

spent the last night, for when the Boers are

out on commando the Kaffirs will not sleep

in their huts for fear of being surprised and

shot down. Then the pair would spend half

an hour or so in speculating on what would be

their fate when the Boers had eaten up the

Engelshorn and taken back the country, and

then say to their neighbor about a

better emigration to Natal.

Bessie, on the veranda, noted all this going

on, every now and again catching snatches

of the busy Kaffirs' talk, which chinked in but

too saucy with her own thoughts. Turning

from it impatiently, she began to watch the

driving rain, and then, in what particular collec-

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What Is It?

A man who has been running a race with steam and electricity for years, finds himself suddenly stopped. It seems as if a cold hand clutched his heart. His brain whirrs; he can hardly see. "What is it?" he asks himself as the attack passes. If his question meets a right answer, he'll be told that his seizure is a warning to pay more attention to his stomach, which is already deranged by irregular meals and rich foods.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It eliminates from the blood disease breeding poisons. It makes the blood rich and pure, and furnishes a foundation for sound physical health.

"About ten years ago I began to have trouble with my bowels," writes Mr. Wm. Connolly, of 535 Walnut Street, Lorain, Ohio. "I got so bad that I had to lie down quite often for days at a time. I have been treated by the best doctors in this city, but got no help. Some said I had cancer of the stomach; others, dyspepsia; still others, ulcer. I never told them of the use of your Golden Medical Discovery and Pleated Pellets. These medicines I have taken as directed, I commenced to get better from the start, and have not lost a day this summer on account of my stomach. I feel tip-top, and better than I have for ten years."

Keep the bowels healthy by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets. They don't gripe.

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West

Steamers PRISCILLA and PURITAN in continuous service.

The line operates each day, except Sunday, from New York, 7 a.m., to Providence, 1 p.m.; Boston, 11 a.m.; Fall River, 1 p.m.; Providence, 4 p.m.; New Bedford, 5 p.m.; Boston, 7 p.m.; Fall River, 8 p.m.; Providence, 9 p.m.; New Bedford, 10 p.m.; Boston, 11 p.m.; Fall River, 12 m.

For tickets and information apply at New York and Boston Post Office Express Office, 527 Broadway, and Providence Office, 125 Thames Street; J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent; J. H. Jordan, Agent, Newport, R. I.; G. H. Taylor, General Pass Agent, N. Y.; Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company.

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Weekdays 8 a.m., leave Providence, week days, 1 p.m.

Mondays and Saturdays only, stop at Providence each way.

Excursion Tickets, only 20 cents.

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Leave Providence, 11 a.m.

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The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, January 6, 1900.

The industries of the country are as solid as rock and too busy to give any attention to speculative ripples and eddies.

The British have purchased three million cans of Chicago canned beef for army use in South Africa. Better get General Miles to examine it and see whether or not it is embalmed.

New York purposed to appropriate one million dollars this year for the improvement of state roads. The money could not be better used. Massachusetts appropriates \$500,000 annually for the same purpose. Rhode Island will have to get into line.

The understanding between England and Germany on the subject of Africa is no surprise to those who have watched the operations of the two countries in African railroad construction. The dovelving of pines has been apparent for some time.

Our Democratic brethren seem to fare very well in the management of the city government. They now have the presiding officer of both branches of the City Council, the City Solicitor and several other officers. They are evidently finding no fault with Republican generosity.

The new city government of Central Falls was ushered in with the booming of cannon. Somebody must have been very happy. Perhaps they will be just as happy when the administration goes out. Down this way we don't think enough of our city fathers to burn any powder over them.

Senator Kyle of South Dakota is at last getting some wisdom into his head. He entered the Senate as a blarney populist on a free silver, free everything platform. He now announces that he will vote for the currency bill and the gold standard. Wish that his colleague had equal sense.

His Honor the Mayor concluded he had in former years given the city fathers about all the advice they could stand, so this year he gave them a rest, with only a short off hand "talk" telling them how good they ought to be. Perhaps this will be needed as much as a more elaborate message would be.

General Wood thinks that the Cubans may be ready for self-government within two years. Some of the agitators are disappointed because the General failed to fix the period at two weeks. When the two years roll around, if they are all wise they will ask to be permanently annexed to Uncle Sam.

Washington correspondents seem to feel sure that we are about to buy three more islands. DeMolay wants to sell out her West Indian possessions and it is expected that Uncle Sam will buy them. Perhaps he will but as he has made rather large investments in islands during the past year or so, he may conclude it best to wait awhile.

Senator Aldrich of this State who has charge of the Senate currency bill, says that it will not take over three weeks to get it through the Senate. After that the two bills, the Senate and the House, will go to a committee of conference when the two will be harmonized and passed by both bodies. This will probably take till about the first of March.

There are many and grave complaints from various parts of the city in regard to the bad condition of the sidewalks owing to the fact that the abutters have neglected to clear the snow therefrom. A man who will not clear off his own sidewalk is worse than an infidel and ought to be shunned by all good men. There is an ordinance on the subject of clearing sidewalks which it will be well for the authorities to look up and have enforced. There is probably no city in the country where the abutters pay so little attention to the condition of the sidewalks as in Newport.

The new city government is now fully organized and ready for business for the coming year. Let us hope that they will conduct the affairs of the city in an economical and intelligent manner. They commenced the new year badly handicapped with an enormous overdraft, but by strict economy and careful reducing of expenses this can be wiped out without increasing the burdens of the people. Additional taxation is out of the question. The State law does not allow of it. So our city fathers will have to cut their garment this year according to the funds on hand. The city can and should be run on the present rate of taxation without creating an overdraft at the end of each year.

The Providence Journal is very unhappy because the New Haven road does not give that city more and faster trains between Providence and Boston. A few years ago when the Providence and Boston Corporation, which was largely a Providence institution, ran the road they were happy to get from five to ten trains a day. A little later when the Old Colony people assumed control the number of trains was increased to fifteen which was satisfactory to everybody apparently. Now there are twenty-four trains a day each way and yet they are unhappy. One would suppose that that number of trains was about all the road could run to make any money out of. There is such a thing as wanting the earth.

A Year of Prosperity.

The business world can look back on the year just ended with much satisfaction. The financial triumphs of 1899 have been more striking than even those which we achieved in 1879 and 1889. Just after the resumption of gold payments had ended the seventeen years of inconveniency, currency, and wiped out the last trace of the panic of 1873.

While the domestic and foreign trade of the United States in the past twelve months went to a much higher mark than was ever touched before, the business failures throughout the country are fewer in number than at any previous time since 1887, and smaller in liabilities than in any year since 1881. The bank clearances of the week just ended are, for the country at large, 20 per cent in excess of those of the same time last year. The gain of the entire year will probably be still greater, while the increase over the best of the years preceding 1893 is enormous. The country's gold production has gone above all past figures; the treasury gold fund has touched a higher line than was ever before reached, and the per capita circulation has broken all precedents.

It is hard to glance over a newspaper these days without seeing an account of an advance of wages in some great industry somewhere in the United States, and frequently several such advances are chronicled on the same day. The output in the iron and other industries is far above all past figures. The railroads, which are as trustworthy an index of general business conditions as are the banks or any of the other instrumentalities of civilization, take more money in at this time and pay more out than they ever did before. The number of cars built during the year, as thus far reported, is 123,893, as compared with 105,133 in 1898, a year of remarkable business activity, and this year's demand was far from being fully met.

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Washington correspondents seem to feel sure that we are about to buy three more islands. DeMolay wants to sell out her West Indian possessions and it is expected that Uncle Sam will buy them. Perhaps he will but as he has made rather large investments in islands during the past year or so, he may conclude it best to wait awhile.

Senator Aldrich of this State who has charge of the Senate currency bill, says that it will not take over three weeks to get it through the Senate. After that the two bills, the Senate and the House, will go to a committee of conference when the two will be harmonized and passed by both bodies. This will probably take till about the first of March.

There are many and grave complaints from various parts of the city in regard to the bad condition of the sidewalks owing to the fact that the abutters have neglected to clear the snow therefrom. A man who will not clear off his own sidewalk is worse than an infidel and ought to be shunned by all good men. There is an ordinance on the subject of clearing sidewalks which it will be well for the authorities to look up and have enforced. There is probably no city in the country where the abutters pay so little attention to the condition of the sidewalks as in Newport.

The new city government is now fully organized and ready for business for the coming year. Let us hope that they will conduct the affairs of the city in an economical and intelligent manner. They commenced the new year badly handicapped with an enormous overdraft, but by strict economy and careful reducing of expenses this can be wiped out without increasing the burdens of the people. Additional taxation is out of the question. The State law does not allow of it. So our city fathers will have to cut their garment this year according to the funds on hand. The city can and should be run on the present rate of taxation without creating an overdraft at the end of each year.

The Providence Journal is very unhappy because the New Haven road does not give that city more and faster trains between Providence and Boston. A few years ago when the Providence and Boston Corporation, which was largely a Providence institution, ran the road they were happy to get from five to ten trains a day. A little later when the Old Colony people assumed control the number of trains was increased to fifteen which was satisfactory to everybody apparently. Now there are twenty-four trains a day each way and yet they are unhappy. One would suppose that that number of trains was about all the road could run to make any money out of. There is such a thing as wanting the earth.

The Southern Railway announces effective January 1st, 1900, through service will be inaugurated between the East and Pinehurst, N. C., via High Point, N. C. Connections will be made from New York on the Washington & Southwestern Limited, leaving New York daily, at 4:25 p. m., arriving at Pinehurst the following morning at 11 o'clock. Perfect Pullman Sleeping and Dining Car service between New York and High Point connecting with elegant thoroughfare coach for Pinehurst.

The trip by the Southern Railway from Boston and New York with only one night travel. For full particulars regarding trains, rates, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thwaites, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

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STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, 1899.

LUCAS COUNTY,
Frank J. Stoll, Notary Public, and he is
the Notary of the firm of F. J. Stoll &
Son, a Consulting Engineers in the City of To-
ledo, County and State of Ohio, and that
said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUN-
DRED DOLLARS for information of every case
of which can be used by the
FEDERAL TAXATION DEPARTMENT.

TO BE DELIVERED TO FRANK J. CHENEY,
Searm to become me and subscribe to my
presence, this 6th day of December, A. D.
1899.

A. W. OLEAREN,
Notary Public.

BEST COUNTRY CARE is taken. Intensely sur-
veyed closely on the blood and nervous sys-
tem. Said for testimonial free.

E. J. OLEAREN & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hoff's Family Pills are the best.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY. STANDARD TIME.

1899.

Sun. Sun. Sun. Moon. Moon. Moon. Eclips.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

6 Sat. 7 Sun. 8 Mon. 9 Tue. 10 Wed. 11 Thu. 12 Fri. 13 Sat. 14 Sun. 15 Mon. 16 Tue. 17 Wed. 18 Thu. 19 Fri. 20 Sat. 21 Sun. 22 Mon. 23 Tue. 24 Wed. 25 Thu. 26 Fri. 27 Sat. 28 Sun. 29 Mon. 30 Tue. 31 Wed.

2 New Moon. 3 Full Moon. 4 Last Quarter. 5 First Quarter. 6 Last Quarter. 7 Full Moon. 8 Last Quarter. 9 First Quarter. 10 Last Quarter. 11 First Quarter. 12 Last Quarter. 13 First Quarter. 14 Last Quarter. 15 First Quarter. 16 Last Quarter. 17 First Quarter. 18 Last Quarter. 19 First Quarter. 20 Last Quarter. 21 First Quarter. 22 Last Quarter. 23 First Quarter. 24 Last Quarter. 25 First Quarter. 26 Last Quarter. 27 First Quarter. 28 Last Quarter. 29 First Quarter. 30 Last Quarter. 31 First Quarter.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Farms to Rent.

A. O'D. Taylor.

Real Estate Agent, 141 Bellevue Avenue, New-
port, R. I.

Has inquiries for farms in Middletown, 63
of them to hire for agricultural purposes.

Owner desirous to let his farms will please
communicate with Mr. Taylor as soon as
possible. Farms with rentals preferred.

Middleton farmers are respectfully re-
quested to note the advertisement. Would
like for 1 or 2 years.

Marriages.

In Wickford, 1st Inst., at the residence of
William A. Whittier, by Rev. Frederick L.
Gale, of St. Paul's Church, John H. Stoy to
Harriet E. Mumford.

Deaths.

In this city, 24 Inst., at his residence, 27
Houston Avenue, after a long and painful ill-
ness, Patrick J. Sullivan.

In this city, 24 Inst., Mary E., wife of Joe
McKinley, died.

In this city, 24 Inst., Edith Agnes, daughter
of James and Ellen Powers, aged 5 years.

In this city, 24 Inst., Margaret D., widow of
John H. Watson, Jr.

In this city, 24 Inst., at 30 John Street, Dr.
Rhoda C., daughter of John Tilley, McKinley,
and wife of the late R. W. James A.
McKinley, aged 23 years.

In this city, 24 Inst., John J. Stoy.

In this city, 24 Inst., at the residence of her
daughter 15 Washington Street, Mrs. Mary Har-
ington, in the 100th year of her age.

In Tiverton, Lorenzo Burns, aged 70 years,
in his 55th year.

In Providence, 24 Inst., John Newth Wake
66, Andrew J. Kelley, 26, John E. Lynch,
31, Katherine E. West, wife of Horatio L.
Bassett.

FOR SALE.

The "Metie" farm of 13½ acres three miles
from State House. Has excellent dwellings,
house, guest rooms &c. All in good order.
Apply to

SIMEON HAZARD.

SOLE AGENT, 31 BROADWAY

NEWPORT, R. I.

Telephone 354.

**CURE.**

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident
to a bilious state of the system, such as
Diarrhoea, Nausea, Browsness, Distress after
eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most
remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEAD.

They would be almost priceless to those who
suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortu-
nately their will find these little pills valuable
in curing many diseases, and especially
those which are not amenable to medical
aid.

ACHE.

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where
we make our greatest. Our pills cure it white
other do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and
very easy to take. Don't worry about doses.
They are strong, yet gentle, and not apt to
produce any disagreeable action, place all who
use them. In \$1.25 cents; five for \$1. Sold
by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The City of Newport.

Notice of Applications for Transfer of Liquor
License.

SECOND CLASS.

AT A MEETING of the Board of License
Commissioners of the City of Newport,
held Thursday, Dec. 21, 1899, the following
applications for transfer of liquor license, under the provisions of
Chapter 102 of the General Laws of Rhode
Island:

Joseph J. Dillon, 43 Thames Street, from John J.
Murphy, 43 Thames Street.

The Board of License Commissioners will
be in session at their office in the Mercury
Building on Monday, January 4, 1900, at 12 o'clock
p. m., when opportunity will be given for remonstrances to be heard before acting upon
said applications.

NEAR COLESBERG.

French Wants Reinforcements to Carry Out His Plans.

Such Depends Upon the Next Battle Near the Tugela River.

Seizure of Another German Steamer Has Caused Intense Bitterness.

London, Jan. 5.—The center of activity for the moment is apparently in the Colesberg district, where, so far as is ascertainable, there is a great deal of maneuvering and counter-manoeuvring with little solid result. General J. D. P. French has asked for small reinforcements to enable him to capture Colesberg, which the Boers command, though some reports represent them as being in a tight corner with their line of retreat cut off.

These reinforcements have been dispatched from De Aar, and include both infantry and artillery. The Boers are said to have removed their laager out of range of the British guns, but are holding a strong position. The statement is made that two British guns command Norval's Pont, over the Orange river, and the Colesberg road bridge. As the Colesberg road bridge over the Orange river is put down on the maps as nearly 20 miles from Norval's Pont, the statement about the British guns is improbable.

It is fully expected that next week will see a heavy battle on the Tugela river, which is now the real pivot of the campaign. The Boers appear to be working incessantly with shovel and pick.

Lord Methuen's cavalry scouting has developed the fact that the Boer entrenchments extend some 40 miles, far overlapping the British positions and making flanking attacks exceedingly difficult. Military analysis allows that the Boer trenches confronting General Butler stretch away some 15 miles, and that work upon them is pushed unremittingly.

The estimated force of the Boers on Butler's front is 25,000, with 50 or 60 guns. Butler's reinforced strength amounts to upwards of 25,000 infantry, 400 mounted men, half Vultur and half irregular, 50 field guns, 20 siege and naval guns, and 2000 artillerymen.

While the advance is delayed, flank movements are rendered most difficult, because long marches are not done with celerity and it is hard to time an attack with certainty.

The extent of the Dutch rising may now be measured by taking a line from Prileska, on the west, to Herschel or Barkly, on the east. Along the whole of this line, except at points actually occupied by the British, the population seems for the most part hostile.

A dispatch from Berlin says: The Imperial mail steamer General has been detained at Aden and occupied by British troops, with the object of searching her cargo, which is to be discharged. The General is owned by the German East African line, the owners of the Bunderup, previously captured by the British cruiser Magicienne, off Delagoa bay.

The seizure of the General has considerably aggravated the situation here, and the indignation against England is intensified. The government is still earnestly endeavoring to preserve correct official relations, but England will do well to hasten to make amends honorable to Germany. On absolutely reliable authority the correspondent of the Associated Press learns that Emperor William is now thoroughly aroused by the repeated seizures of vessels, not one of which he has been assured, is guilty of carrying contraband. He regards the seizures as high-handed proceedings, which England would not have dared undertake if the German navy were more powerful than it is.

His majesty is said to be particularly incensed, because information has reached him showing that the seizures were not due to the blundering of British naval officers, but to strict orders from headquarters, which the officers are merely enacting. He has, therefore, instructed Count Von Buelow, the foreign secretary, to demand exact and full reparation for the outrage done to the German flag.

No answer that is considered satisfactory has yet been received from London, and, according to advices here, none is to be expected for several days longer. The latest news, however, induced the German government to send another and more strongly worded protest to London. Significant of the intensity of Germany's indignation against England in this matter is a declaration published by the German Colonial society, among whose 80,000 members are members of reigning German princes, which says:

"England's recent proceedings against German vessels are an outrage. The fact remains that the small respect which the English people feel for Germany, because of her deficiency in naval power, has taken such deep root that the commanders of English warships hasten to commit breaches of international rights so long as only Germany is thereby touched. This lack of fear to touch the German flag must be thoroughly and speedily cured."

Indignant meetings have been called by branches of the Colonial society. The German press, with hardly an exception, thundered against England. Even the semi-official Berliner Post says: "It cannot be denied that the indignation aroused by the wilfulness of the seizures by British commanders is spreading in wider and wider circles."

Diplomats at Vienna seem to consider that Germany might not have searched a German steamer in the Suez canal. The Weimar Algemeine Zeitung says: It looks as if Great Britain cared less for the cargo in question than for flaunting before the world that she is the undubious mistress of the sea, a domination which will do more for the German navy than all the speeches of Emperor William.

Purchase of Bonds Decreased Debt. Washington, Jan. 5.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business Dec. 30, 1899, the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$1,154,560,000, a decrease for the month of \$5,591,524. This decrease is largely accounted for by the purchase of bonds during the month.



Do not wash your hands and face with a common laundry soap, or if you do, don't complain when you find them rough, hard and chapped. Ordinary laundry soaps are good for scrubbing floors, but not for the skin. Ivory Soap makes a creamy lather that rinses easily and takes the dirt with it. The natural oil of the skin washed with Ivory Soap is not removed, and the skin is left soft and smooth.

IT FLOATS.

COPPER SHEET BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

Crane and Bates Take Oath of Office. Boston, Jan. 5.—At 11 o'clock Wednesday the two branches of the legislature—the house and the senate—assembled for the purpose of inaugurating Governor-elect Winthrop Murray Crane and Lieutenant Governor-elect John Lewis Bates. The house and senate assembled in their respective chambers, and the committees appointed to canvass the returns of the recent election then announced officially that Crane and Bates are governor and lieutenant governor for the year 1900. A committee of the house and senate was appointed, President Smith of the senate presiding, over the two bodies in joint convention, notifying the governor and lieutenant governor of their election, and that the house and senate were awaiting their presence. The committee named and reported, after which Captain Adams, with his staff of office, proceeded to the executive chamber and led the new state routers in the hall of the house of representatives. They were accompanied by the Justices of the supreme and superior courts, the staff, which this year is a military one, and following this pageant came the invited guests. Governor Crane read his inaugural address, after which both branches held separate sessions.

May Have Bubonic Plague. Boston, Jan. 5.—Suffering from some disease which the physicians as yet have been unable to diagnose, a stowaway from the British steamship Fitzclarence is held at the quarantine hospital, on Clay's Hill.

In this case, there is some possibility that he may be suffering from the dread bubonic plague. The patient is an Austrian, about 24 years of age, named Mepton, who came to this port last Friday as a stowaway on the steamship Fitzclarence. The suspicious nature of the case has impeded the board of health to exercise all precaution. The Fitzclarence has been thoroughly fumigated, and yesterday, in obedience to orders, she dropped down to quarantine, where she will remain for three or four days longer.

Victim of Assault Dies. West Derby, N. H., Jan. 5.—Charles Clay, who it is alleged, was assaulted at Chester on Dec. 25 by Edward Gifford, died yesterday. It is claimed that the assault with an ax took place while both of the men were under the influence of liquor. Gifford is 35 years of age and Clay 32.

Mr. Gifford is accused of being a thief. Wethersfield, Mass., Jan. 5.—Thieves broke into the house of George Nelson at Castle Hill Monday morning, and stole a safe containing \$200, after which they set fire to the dwelling, to cover their crime. Mr. Nelson got up early to go to the barn, only a short distance from the house. On his return he found his desk ransacked, everything in confusion, and the house on fire. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the crime. The whole affair is involved in mystery.

Victim of Assault Dies.

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DO YOU KNOW

WE SELL STRICTLY HIGH GRADE

Furniture and Housefurnishings

—ON—

Liberal Terms of Credit?

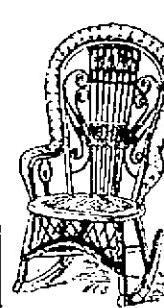
It costs no more than the cheap stuff generally sold in this way, and it lasts your life time.

This is our specialty, we don't know of any other firm in New England who does it our way. We have a large cash business, too, where you get a discount that makes the strictly cash store feel that ruin stares them in the face.

Ever Been In Here?

Why don't you come, we'll be glad and so will you before you go away.

If you decide to purchase, we pay your fare here and home again.



ONE HUNDRED ROCKERS,

Like Cut, \$2.95,

Full Roll Arm and Back,
Made Right to Wear, Com-
fortable, too.

The Household Furniture Co.,

231-237 WEYBOSSET STREET,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

WAS QUICKLY DONE.

Cole Is Arraigned and Then Released on Bonds.

He Pleads Not Guilty to the Charge of Embezzlement

Ex-Bank President's Return From California Was Entirely Voluntary on His Part.

Boston, Jan. 5.—Charles H. Cole, former president of the Globe National bank, who is charged with disappropriating \$69,660 of the funds of that institution, arrived in this city at 5.15 last night from Los Angeles, Cal., in charge of United States Marshal Osborne and Secret Service Agent Dryden.

The party also included Mrs. Cole and their son, Eddie, who had accompanied the ex-bank president during the entire period of his absence from Boston, some two months. Mrs. Cole was driven to a hotel, while the remainder of the party were hurried to the Federal building. Deputy Marshal Waters escorted Mr. Cole at once to Marshal Darling's room, where the personal friends who were active in arranging surrenders were alone admitted, and the formal arrest was made by Mr. Waters, who served the warrant upon Mr. Cole, the latter undergoing the ordeal calmly.

After the formalities were over in Marshal Darling's office Mr. Cole was taken across the corridor into the United States district court room. No officer of the Globe bank was there to greet him. Some few curious people, a few of the Federal building employees, one or two city hall officials, the newspaper men, bailiffs and deputies made up the spectators. Marshal Osborne brought forth a bulky packet of formidable looking papers and documents, upon which he made formal delivery and return to United States Marshal Darling. Cole took his seat directly in front of the court clerk's desk, and his son seated himself on the left, while Deputy Waters, as custodian of Cole, took the seat at the right hand of the prisoner.

Assistant District Attorney Casey held long consultation with Benjamin W. Wells, a city employee; Godfrey Morse, an attorney, and William Schoultz, counsel for Cole, the result of which was that Messrs. Wells and Morse were declared to be acceptable as bondsmen for the accused.

These preliminaries over adjournment was made to the courtroom, where United States Commissioner Fiske had already taken his seat. Proceeding at once to business the commissioner said:

"Charles H. Cole, this is a complaint charging you with embezzlement."

"We waive the reading of the complaint," said Mr. Schoultz.

Mr. Cole seemed perfectly self-posse ssed. He kept his eyes fixed on the commissioner, and, at his query, "What say you to this complaint, guilty or not guilty?" he emphatically replied, "Not guilty."

Attorney Schoultz said he would like a little time in which to prepare himself and consult his client and suggested a continuance until Jan. 15, to which the government consented, and the continuance was granted.

Bonds were then fixed at \$50,000, and Messrs. Morse and Wells qualified severally in the sum of \$50,000 as sureties. This being satisfactorily accomplished, there was more handshaking, and then Cole walked out of the courtroom with his son and Mr. Wells to join Mrs. Cole at her hotel. It is anticipated that he may make his home at Birmingham for the present.

Mr. Cole expresses confidence in his ability to meet the charges that have been made against him when his case comes to trial, and says he courts the fullest investigation that can be made of his transactions in connection with the Globe bank affairs.

In speaking of the warrant for Cole's arrest, a copy of which was sent to California, United States Marshal Osborne said that it was issued in the United States court for the district of Massachusetts and ran only to the deputy marshals and bailiffs of Massachusetts. It was not operative in California. In fact, Marshal Osborne said, Mr. Cole was not under arrest, but simply held under the provision of the law that provides for the holding of an accused person on bail. As he came voluntarily and agreed that he would come on to Boston and submit to prosecution here, the southern California marshal acted only on the aforesaid instructions from Attorney General Griggs to proceed with the ex-president with a proper guard, to Boston.

SENSATIONAL AND TRAGIC.

Death's Hand Fair's Upon a Woman While Testifying in Behalf of Her Husband.

New York, Jan. 5.—A most tragic occurrence took place yesterday in part 3 of general sessions court. The wife of a prisoner was struck in with a poplex and cerebral hemorrhage while she was in the witness chair testifying to his innocence. She was carried unconscious and in a dying condition from the room.

The case was that of Louis Gordon, a Russian mechanic, charged by Abramina Joffe, a cloak maker, with the breaking of a chain valued at \$50. When Gordon took the stand in his own behalf and voluntarily invited the charge his wife, Mary, a small woman with a face that took no snuffing and pale gave excited. Finally when she herself was called to testify she half arose from the chair, and as if declining, said: "It is not true, it is not true that my husband took the chain. We are honest people, God knows. I met Joffe on the street three days before he had my husband arrested. My husband was with me. He passed and issued. Why did he not say something then? Why—why why?"

There was a gasp and the woman threw up her hands, fell back in the chair and slid off. The woman was borne from the courtroom with the tiny stream of blood issuing from her ears. Her eyes were closed and she was unconscious. Gordon wrenched his hands and cried out that they had killed his wife and was prevented from rushing to her side. The judge, with the consent of the counsel, at once closed the case and it was given to the jury. The latter returned in a few minutes with a verdict of acquittal.

Mrs. Gordon was taken to a hospital where the physician said she had had a stroke of apoplexy and a cerebral hemorrhage. She died at a late hour.

NEW

YORK

TRI-WEEKLY A DAILY, TRIBUNE

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, PRACTICALLY CHEAPEST KNOWN.

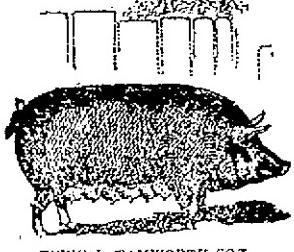
TRIBUNE



It Pays to Breed and Feed for the Distinguishing Markets.

The hogs demanded by discriminating markets at the present time are those weighing 160 to 225 lbs., with long and deep sides, light head and jowl, light shoulders with great depth of chest and wide between the forward legs and with great hindgirth, the testimony of power to parity and speed and of great vitality. The modern bacon hog is white-hided with strong back and great depth through the flanks, hams full and wide and well let down to hock. A blood sow of such conformation will be more potent will have the fatnesses of motherhood more pronounced, have greater precocity than any breed or form of hog at present in existence. Seldom does a true bacon sow farrow less than twelve pigs, and this is worth considering when the other breeds seldom average more than seven.

I think modern swine-raising can be made one of the most profitable industries of the day. I believe there is a better opening just now for swine-growing than for any other branch of live stock raising. There has been fully 40 per cent more bacon consumed in 1898 than there has been in any previous year of the world's history. People had no idea what a choice morsel could be elaborated from the ubiquitous hog until modern packing appliances took the curing in hand. There is as much difference between a roll of modern bacon and the old-time pickled ham as between the packing-house and shank, and, as a result, the mild cured bacon of the packing house is fast displacing beef as a meat for the great mass of the world's middle class. The change wrought in the bacon trade of late years is truly marvelous. Some ten or fifteen years ago



TYPICAL TAMWORTH SOW.

bacon or otherwise salted pork was mainly eaten by the lower classes. Now, even these don't want to eat salted pork any more. The most common breakfast dish on the table of the well-to-do is that of fried bacon, while a small, long and lean ham of 12 to 15 pounds is almost invariably found on the sideboard and receives frequent attention. This unique change in the taste and fashion has been brought about chiefly by two causes—by the mild cure and by the evolution of that particular type of bacon hog of which the red Tamworth is the best representative.

It is not remarkable then that the ideal bacon hogs fetch a much higher price than the thick, fat, clumsy hog which has been described by some one as "automated lard bladders." This will, no doubt, be an incentive to the farmer to breed and feed the hog conformably to the demands of the packers. The Chicago packers are probably the most enterprising men in this particular line in the world. In the last year or two some of them have suggested to the swine raisers of the great Middle West to breed bacon hogs, but with little success. One leading Chicago packer keeps a layer in Canada who purchases bacon hogs right along, paying the Canadian swine raising about 1 cent per pound above the price paid in Chicago. From facts before us the majority of hog breeders then either do not understand what the market demands or else stubbornly continue to raise a class of heavy, fat hogs, which are saleable only at much lower prices.

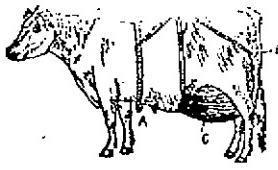
The demand for heavy pork is butted compared to what it was some years ago.

Self-Sucking Cows.

Some time ago there was an inquiry in your paper for some method to prevent cows sucking themselves. I take a thin piece of board, sometimes that will not split very easily. I have used a hard piece of sole-leather but that gets soft in a short time and is no good, and fix it as shown in the diagram. Make the points smooth as possible so that it will not make the nose sore. When finished you will have to use a little force to spring it into the nose, but when once properly fitted I think the cow will cease to suck herself. Iabor a great saving joke for the poor cow to carry around; besides it will make her neck sore.

Z. O. S.

I take a common halter (leather preferred) and put it on the cow, use a surridge made of three-inch leather



DEVICE FOR PREVENTING SUCKING.

around the cow, back of the fore legs, put on a buckle and loop and make it long enough so you can lengthen it if necessary. Rivet a ring, say thin to four inches in diameter, on surridge. Rivet the ring on so you can use a stick not too heavy, about five feet long. Run this stick through ring, have a snap fastened on end of stick and snap to hitch lead ring. The ring on snap to hitch lead ring. Put stick on left side of cow so that it will be out of the way when milking.

Sabine Co., Kan. H. W. Fitzgerald.

"They say that electricity is a sure antidote for the sting of bees," said an electrical enthusiast.

"Yes, I've tried it," said the student. "Really? How did it work?"

"Well, a bee stung me and it hurt so that I applied the electricity. After that I went over and sat down on a hornets' nest to see if I couldn't get over the effects of the cure."—Detroit Free Press.

A WALKING GALLOWS.

LIEUT. HEPENSTALL WHO HUNG MEN FROM HIS OWN NECK.

This Notorious Individual Was an Apothecary in Dublin—A Man of Splendid Physique, Six Feet and Two Inches Tall—Died in 1804.

Among the examples and records of British tyranny during the terrible year of 1798 there is none more extraordinary, according to a writer in an English magazine, than that of Lieut. Edward Hepenstall, known by the nickname of "The Walking Gallows," for such he certainly was, literally and practically.

This notorious individual, who had been brought up as an apothecary in Dublin, obtained a commission in the Wicklow militia, in which he attained the rank of lieutenant in 1795. He was a man of splendid physique, about six feet two inches in height and strong and broad in proportion. Referring to this handsome but brutal giant, Sir John Barrington, in his "Memories," states:

"I know him well, and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty, but so cold-blooded and eccentric an executioner of the human race never yet existed."

"At the outbreak of the sanguinary rebellion, when the common law was suspended and the stern martial variety flourished in its stead, Lieut. Hepenstall witnessed the expedient of hanging on his own back persons whose physiognomy he considered characteristic of scatious tenets. At the present day the story seems most incredible, but it is a notorious fact, revealed by the journalism of that day, that when rebels either suspected or caught red-handed, were brought him, Hepenstall would order the cord of a drum to be taken off, and then rigging up a running noose, would proceed to hang each in turn across his athletic shoulders until the victim had been slowly strangled to death, after which he would throw down his load and take up another.

The "Walking Gallows" was clearly both a new and simple plan and a mode of execution not nearly so hideous or painful as a Tyburn or Old Bailey hanging. It answered his majesty's service as well as two posts and a crowbar. When a rope was not at hand, Hepenstall's own sils cravat, being softer than an ordinary halter, became a merciful substitute.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions, the lieutenant would frequently administer an anesthetic to his trembling victim—in other words, he would first knock him silly with a blow. His garters then did the duty as handcuffs, and the cravat would be slipped over the condemned man's neck.

Whenever he had an unusually powerful victim to do with Hepenstall took a pride in showing his own strength. With a dexterous lunge of his body the lieutenant used to draw up the poor devil's head as high as his own, and then, when both were cheek to cheek by jaw, begin to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart horse, until the rebel had no further solicitude about subsidiary affairs. It was after one of these trotting executions, which had taken place in the barrack yard adjoining Stephen's Green, that Hepenstall acquired the surname of "the Walking Gallows." He was invested with it by the gallants of Crow Street theater, Dublin.

At the trial of a rebel in that city the lieutenant, undergoing cross-examination, admitted all the aforementioned details of his method of hanging, and Lord Norbury, the presiding judge, warmly complimented him on his loyalty and assured him that he had been guilty of no act which was not natural to a zealous, loyal and efficient officer.

Lieut. Hepenstall, however, did not long survive his hideous practice. He died in 1804. Owing to the opinion in which he was universally held, the authorities arranged that his funeral should take place secretly, while a Dublin wit suggested that his tombstone would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lie the bones of Hepenstall, Judge, Jury, Gallows, rope and all.—Hibernian Star.

Simpson and Sulzer.

Jerry Simpson and William Sulzer of New York were at one time friends. They exchanged confidences and discussed ways and means by which the country might be saved from going to the demolition bow-wow, so to speak. One day Gen. Henderson of Iowa approached Representative Amos Cummings of New York.

"What kind of a man is Sulzer of New York?" he asked.

"What does he want?" said Cummings, by way of reply.

"Why, I have got an hour on such a measure, and Sulzer wants me to give him half of my time," said Henderson.

"Well," said Cummings, "Sulzer is my colleague, and it would be better for you, I think, to get an unbiased opinion of him. Go over and ask Simpson what he thinks of Sulzer; then think of him as thick as thieves."

Henderson acted on this suggestion, and presently returned with a broad smile on his face. "Simpson says," he said, "that Sulzer is an all-around—

The explanation of Simpson's hostility to Sulzer came later. It seems that when a certain matter was pending before the house Sulzer sought out Simpson and asked his views regarding it. Mr. Simpson said that he expected to speak on the subject, and outlined his sentiments. Mr. Sulzer the next day got the floor ahead of Simpson and delivered the latter's speech.

Of course, Simpson was nonplussed, and naturally indignant. He did not speak on the measure himself, and from that time on his opinion of Mr. Sulzer was much more forcible than polite. "He was a dirty, mean trick," said Simpson, in referring to the matter. "I thought that Sulzer was my friend, but he has proved me false. He is a first-class chump."—Washington Times.

Cattle culture along the Platte river in Nebraska is unique. In some places the river channel is seven eighths or nine wide and is full of little sandy banks where the water滔滔不绝 is a foot or more of the surface. Cattle gather on these islands. The two extremes of cow rats and an abstinent cattle only are said to exist there to-day.

"What on earth are you bringing all these umbrellas in here for?" asked Mrs. Van Fasson, as Mr. Van Fasson pulled into their bedroom with an armful of rain interceptors.

"Why, I thought that reception was due tonight."

"Yes, and you are afraid the guests will steal them, are you?"

"Not at all. I am afraid they will recognize them."—Life.

IRISH AT FORTENOEY.

STORY OF THE FAMOUS CHARGE OF O'ILLEN'S BRIGADE.

Victory Marched From Defeat by the Valor of Erin's Broad Axes, English Harried Back by Irish Bayonets—A Glorious Victory.

It might be supposed that the incidents of this famous battle have been sufficiently discussed and described to make them generally known, but the student of history, reading the English historian's account, is surprised to find no mention of Irishmen being at Fontenoy at all. The French historians, with a sentiment of national pride, wish to appropriate to their soldiers, as far as possible, the honor of one of the greatest victories.

It is well, then, to establish the simple facts by reference to such authorities as are beyond suspicion. In April,

1745, Marshal de Saxe, commander of

the French army, opened trenches before Tourney, Holland. This place was very strongly fortified and defended by a Dutch garrison of 9,000 men and Saxe appeared before it with an army of 20,000 men. The allies determined to raise the siege, and the Duke of Cumberland, son of George I of England, took command of the allied forces—English, Hanoverian and Austrian—numbering 50,000 of the finest troops in Europe.

On May 14, after severe firing of artillery on both sides from 4 in the morning till 9, the allies prepared to bring the contest to a decision. The Dutch and Austrians were on the enemy's left, opposite the French right, and destined to carry Autodine, the English and Hanoverians in the center, with their infantry in front and cavalry in the rear, close by the road of Breda.

The three divisions moved, greater success attending the center. At the head of 15,000 the Duke of Cumberland, who, headed by 20 pieces of caisson, forced his way into the French center. "There was one dreadful hour," says the Marquis d'Argenson, "in which we expected nothing less than a renewal of Bannockburn, our men being awed by the steadiness of the enemy. Then it was that we began to despair of our cause."

Meantime the Duke de Richelieu, having proposed to re-commence the formidable assault, met with Colonel Lally, "desirous that the devotion of the Irish Brigade was not turned to account," and who, with due presence of mind to perceive, unlike others, that the undevoted progress of the column, since it had got beyond the artillery of the redoubt and village into the midst of the French, was evenly owing to its employment of caisson as well as musketry.

Lally suggested to Richelieu that cannon be used with the French musketry. "This is fine," says the French historian Michelot, "was lost without remedy if the Irishmen Lally, animated by his last effort, had not turned to account," and who, with due presence of mind to perceive, unlike others, that the undevoted progress of the column, since it had got beyond the artillery of the redoubt and village into the midst of the French, was evenly owing to its employment of caisson as well as musketry."

Richelieu, however, did not long survive his hideous practice. He died in 1804. Owing to the opinion in which he was universally held, the authorities arranged that his funeral should take place secretly, while a Dublin wit suggested that his tombstone would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lie the bones of Hepenstall, Judge, Jury, Gallows, rope and all.—Hibernian Star.

As the royal corps approached the Irish brigade at Fontenoy, like eagles in the sea, with bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

Of the 20 caisson belonging to the

formidable allied column 15 pieces, with two envoys, were among the recorded trophies of the Irish brigade, the First Brigade of British foot guards, the best of England's soldiers, being specially noticed as losing a pair of colors and two horses guns.

Such was the conduct of the Irish brigade at Fontenoy, where it is evident, as at Cremona, 42 years before, what they did to gain the day was of such consequence that but for them it would have been lost.

After the victory Louis caused his army to be rearranged and, leading it 700 yards beyond the ground occupied by the enemy, had it drawn out for review. The king rode through the ranks, bestowing on the several corps the praises which they merited.

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bility, soon as they saw the Irish boys advancing against them with fixed bayonets and crying out to one another: "Steady, boys! Forward! Charge!" too late they began to curse their cruelty, which forced so brave a people from their native country to seek their fortunes in every country and now brought forward in the field of battle to wrest from them both victory and life."

That portion of the British immediately opposed to the Irish were a choice body of men, and they had the advantage of being upon a rising ground, the ascent to which they were to sweep with their musketry, while the Irish brigade had to ascend and charge the occupants of the entrenchment without pulling a trigger.

The Irish being now completely near, the British prepared to give them their formidable weapon of bayonets, which was reserved for the last moment, in order to be discharged with the more deadly effect. And by that time, the Irish suffered accordingly. Count Dillon and his brother Arthur were slain at the head of the family regiment, and a large number of officers and soldiers were likewise killed or wounded.

But this did not arrest the impetuosity with which their more fortunate comrades pushed forward to the cry, in the old Celtic tongue, of "Remember Llanedek and Saxon perfidy!" Without any volley in reply to the blaze of shot from the English, the Irish brigade ran upon the British with fixed bayonets, thrusting them into their faces. What follows is best described by Davys:

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger, pouncing upon the English like the Irish on Spain.

Bright was their steel. "Tis Woody now; their guns are filled with gore, Through scattered ranks and sacred files and trampled flags they fly. The English strove with desperate strength, pausing, faltering, staggering, falling. The green shield is matted close with dying and with dead.

The green shield is matted close with dying and with dead.

White eagles and fantail dash in open their plumes.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sea, with bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

As the royal corps approached the Irish

brigade at Fontenoy, like eagles in the sea, with bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed:—1. Name and date of publication and address of the writer. 2. The full name and address of the writer if known. 3. Material queries or answers to be numbered. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. The number of the query must be given. 6. Letters addressed to the editor, or to be forwarded, must contain a stamp on the envelope, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Districtal committee address to
R. B. TILLEY, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1900.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING, 1750-1860.

NEW LONDON, February 26, 1779.—Last week a privateer belonging to the enemy, was driven shore near Steichen's Head, by a gale of wind. She had, a few days ago, taken Capt. Giles Sage in a sloop bound to this port from the West Indies, with a valuable cargo on board. The privateer, on taking Capt. Sage, took him and people on board; who on this occasion have got their liberty.

Wednesday morning a fleet of above 30 sail of shipping, from the westward went down the Sound.

Wednesday evening the privateer brig Nancy, Captain Pitkham, returned into port from capture.

By Capt. Pitkham we learn that Capt. Billings, in the ship Governor Trumbull, lately landed a party of men on the island of Tabago, and unfortunately left two men killed and twenty-six made prisoners.

The whaleboat Revenge, Captain Champlin, has taken off Point Judith, and brought into Stonington, a sloop from Sag Harbour, bound to Newport, laden with wood and provisions.

Died at Groton, Mrs. Ledyard, consort of Ebenezer Ledyard, Esq.—Connecticut Gazette, Feb. 26, 1779.

NEWPORT, October 1, 1780.—Yesterday we brought arrived here from Philadelphia, his Excellency the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Minister Plenipotentiary from the court of France to these States.

On Tuesday last departed this life in the 70th year of his age, Mr. William Coddington, of this town: a gentleman who has sustained the office of Town Clerk for upwards of forty years with great integrity and to universal satisfaction. His remains were interred on Thursday last.

Last Saturday evening came on a storm, with the wind at N. E., which blew exceeding hard for five or six hours, but happily very little damage was done to the shipping in the harbour, except one transport, which was forced on shore at Brenton's Neck.

By a gentleman just arrived in town from head-quarters, we are informed that Major Andre, the late British spy, was exonerated there, at 12 o'clock, on Monday last.—We likewise learn that the trial of Mr. Smith, his conductor, was deferred for a few days.—Newport Mercury, Oct. 9, 1780.

PROVIDENCE, October 5, 1780.—By a gentleman who arrived in town yesterday from New London, we are informed that Capt. Hart, of Saybrook, in Connecticut, being out on a cruise, in a privateer sloop outward, one day last week, ran in to Sandy Hook, to see Admiral Rodney's fleet; he passed the guardship under English colors; soon after which, being but a few miles from Admiral Rodney's ship, he discovered a sloop coming down with a number of soldiers on board, bound to relieve a guard at Sandy Hook Point; as soon as they were within gun-shot, he ordered them to come on board, but they refusing and attempting to run away, he ordered a few of his marines to fire into the sloop, and knocking open one of his gun ports threatened to sink her, on which they came along side, and Capt. Hart took the prisoners on board, consisting of a captain, lieutenant, and 46 privates, of the New Jersey volunteers, with whom and the prize Capt. Hart arrived at New London Saturday last.—Newport Mercury, Oct. 9, 1780.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

FROM OLD NEWPORT MERCURY.

(Continued)

Sylvester, Joseph, Esquire, died last Wednesday, aged 57 years. MERCURY of July 17, 1769.

Session, Nathaniel, father of Hon. Darius, Deputy Governor of Rhode Island, died at Ponset, Conn., aged 90 years. MERCURY of October 14, 1771.

Stoddard, Thomas, of Salisbury, Middlesex, died December 17, 1772, at West Indies, aged 21 years.

Scott, John, Newport, R. I., died May 21, 1773.

Stoddard, Joseph, Tiverton, R. I., a celebrated astrologer, died last week. MERCURY of May 31, 1773.

Shearman, Abraham, Dartmouth, Mass., died June 19, 1773.

Sheword, Joseph, Colonial Agent at London, died June 1, 1773. MERCURY of August 16, 1773.

Seabury, Captain Benjamin, Little Compton, R. I., died September 11, 1773, aged 60 years. MERCURY of October 17, 1773.

Simon, Hannah, wife of Captain Peter, daughter of Rowland Robinson, Esq., South Kingstown, R. I., died October 30, 1773, aged 26 years. MERCURY of November 1, 1773.

Stanhope, Lydia, Newport, R. I., died January 5, 1774.

Stacy, Joseph, died Newport, R. I., March 11, 1774, aged about 76 years.

Stanton, Mr. Benjamin, died last Tuesday. "Found in guilty baker's Spring, with head cut." MERCURY of April 25, 1774.

Stansford, Miss Content, Newport, R. I., died May 16, 1774.

Smith, Isaac, and Betsey Stoddard, both of Middlesex, R. I., married last Thursday. MERCURY of May 30, 1774.

Smith, Mrs. Sarah, "mother of Isaac above, died about the same time." MERCURY of May 30, 1774.

Shearman, dated dies last Thursday night, at Dartmouth, Mass., aged 73 years. MERCURY of July 11, 1774.

Sowle, Miriam, wife of Captain Henry, died Newport, R. I., August 9, 1774.

Stoneham, Abigail, of Newport, R. I., and Sir John, Knight of Malta, Captain of Cavalry, in the service of His Most Christian Majesty, married at Hampton, September 5, 1774.

Sisson, Mrs., wife of Robert, died May 29, 1775.

Stiles, Elizabeth, wife of Reverend Ezra, died this morning, aged 43 years, Newport, R. I. MERCURY of May 29, 1775.

Sherman, Elisha, died September 16, 1775, Newport, R. I.

Stevens, David, of Thomas, drowned last Tuesday, from boat capsizing,

aged 14 years. MERCURY of October 2, 1775.

Sweet, Ruth, widow of Captain George, Newport, R. I., died February 2, 1782.

Sheftman, Katherine, wife of Captain Ebenezer, Newport, R. I., died February 1782.

Sheftman, —, widow of Elisha, Newport, R. I., died July 6, 1782.

Spooner, Polly, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Stanton, Nahib, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Stall, John, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Sandford, Anna, widow of Captain Benjamin, Newport, R. I., died September 28, 1782, aged 73 years.

Stiles, Rev. Ezra, and Mrs. Mary Cheedley, widow of Lieut. William Esty, Providence, R. I., "united in matrimony Cranston," married November 2, 1782.

Swindom, Thomas, Newport, R. I., died "in a fit" May 24, 1783, very old.

Shreve, Mary, widow of late John, Portsmouth, R. I., died July 11, 1783, aged 93 years.

Stanhope, Henry, Edwina, British Navy, and Peggy Mallone, daughter of Captain Daniels, Newport, R. I., married August 23, 1783.

Stevens, Joseph, Newport, R. I., died November 8, 1783.

Seymour, Frederick, Esq., Merchant, Island of Grenada, and Bridget Atway, of Tiverton, R. I., married December 2, 1783.

Styles, Captain David, and Silence Whipple, of Captain Stephen Smithfield, R. I., married March 6, 1784.

Smith, Benjamin, Bristol, R. I., died April 10, 1784, aged 67 years.

Stiles, Ezra, Esq., of Rev. Ezra, Attorney, North Carolina, died October 16, 1784, aged 25 years.

Sheatman, Peleg, and Avis Thurston, of Samuel, Newport, R. I., married December 11, 1784.

Smith, Mrs., wife of Stephen, Bristol, R. I., died January 22, 1785.

Stanhope, Edward, and Polly Shall, of William, married February 5, 1785.

Sheatman, Benjamin, Portsmouth, R. I., died March 5, 1785.

Stevens, John, of Thomas, Newport, R. I., died May 7, 1785.

Sayer, Sarah, wife of Captain Benjamin, Newport, R. I., May 10, 1785, aged 43 years.

Sherburne, Colonel Henry, and Catherine Tweedy, widow of William, Newport, R. I., married May 29, 1785.

Standly, Captain Thomas, Newport, R. I., died July 9, 1785.

Sisson, Mary, wife of Gideon, Newport, R. I., died July 25, 1785.

Stevens, Fanny, of Thomas, Newport, R. I., died at Newport, September 14, 1785, aged 19 years.

Saltmarsh, Tom, Curdon, of New London, Conn., died at the residence of Thomas Mumford, Esq., Norwich, October 8, 1785, aged 77 years.

Saunder, William, of Giles, Newport, R. I., died at sea, October 15, 1785.

Spalding, Edward, Clockmaker, Providence, R. I., died December 26, 1785, aged 53 years.

Surage, —, son of Elisha, Portsmouth, R. I., died May 22, 1785, aged 16 years.

Strange, Loft, Portsmouth, R. I., died June 6, 1786, aged 57 years.

He married first Hannah Hathaway, of Freetown, Mass., and had 15 children, second, Amy Tripp, of Abigail, Portsmouth, R. I., and had two children.

Spencer, Benjamin, Newport, R. I., died August 31, 1786, aged 60 years.

Streater, Rev. Adam, Smithfield, R. I., died September 4, 1786.

Sheldon, William, and Esther Gavitt, South Kingstown, R. I., married January 21, 1786.

Sweet, Abigail, widow, Newport, R. I., died February 4, 1786.

Stevens, Captain William, late of Newport, R. I., died at Alexandria, Virginia, February 1, 1786.

QUERIES.

977. BARTNER, SHERMAN—Peter Bartner, of Thomas' and Avis (Barney?) Barber, of Moses' and Susannah (Watt) Barber, born 1761, died —? married Isabel Sherman. Whose daughter was she? I think she had a sister Sally. Would be pleased to learn the dates of her birth, marriage and death. Her first child Thomas was born in Hopkinton, R. I., October 21, 1783, followed by ten others, between 1788 and 1802. —B. N.

To be continued.

978. LEARNED—Who can give me the date of William Learned's birth? He came from Bermondsey, Surrey County, England, to Charlestowm, and later lived in Woburn, Mass. He married Sarah —. What was her maiden name? He died 1714, or it may have been 1726. There was a Samuel Rogers baptised 1728, a descendant of Thomas Rogers of the Mayflower. This name Rogers gives possibilities for the Mayflower ancestors. —C. E. R.

979. SEALD, ALDRICH—Catherine Seal, born —, died about 1688, married 9, 1692, George Aldrich. Who was this Catherine Seal, and where did she come from? George Aldrich, born —, died 3, 1688, lived in Dorchester, and later in Boston, Braintree, and Mendon, Mass. I should like the date of his birth, if possible. He came from Derbyshire, England, in 1681. —A. L.

980. LEARNED—Who can give me the date of William Learned's birth? He came from Bermondsey, Surrey County, England, to Charlestowm, and later lived in Woburn, Mass. He married Sarah —. What was her maiden name? He died 1714, or it may have been 1726. There was a Samuel Rogers baptised 1728, a descendant of Thomas Rogers of the Mayflower. This name Rogers gives possibilities for the Mayflower ancestors. —C. E. R.

981. PECKHAM, HATHAWAY—Reuben Peckham, son of Timothy Jr. and Diana (—) Peckham, of John Jr. and Sarah (—) Peckham, of John and Elinor (—) Peckham, married December 16, 1780, Patience Hathaway, of New Bedford, Mass. They had children recorded—1. Ruth, born September 5, 1781; 2. Patience, born February 13, 1782; 3. Timothy, born November 6, 1784.

982. TANNER, BARTNER—Whose daughter was Avis —, who married Thomas' Barber, of Moses' and Susannah (Watt) Barber? It has been given as Tanner. Can it be confirmed? —B. N.

983. MELWARD—Who was the wife of Simon Melward, who died 1785. The Coat of Arms of his family may be seen in the Essex Institute Historical Collections. Can any one tell me in which volume it is, and if there is any information relating to the family? —H. B. M.

984. WHEELER—Thomas Thayer, of Braintree, Mass., married Margaret Wheeler, April 13, 1618. She was born —, died 1673. I should like to learn her maiden name and her parentage. Can any one help me? He was born —, died 1665. Would like missing date supplied. —F. S.

985. CROWELL—John Crowell, born —, died 1673, married Elisha —. Would like dates of her birth and death, and her parentage and maiden name. He was of Charlestowm, Mass., and his wife came from England in 1654, and was received into the Church at Charlestowm. —C. Y. M.

986. REYNOLDS, HOPKINS—Deborah Hopkins, daughter of Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the Mayflower Compact, was born at Plymoutn, Mass., in 1622, and married in 1646, Andrew Ring, who was a child when his mother's will was made, in 1631. It is said they had a daughter Mary. Can any one tell me whom she married, and when? I should also like to learn the dates of her birth and death. —E. M. E.

987. BRACKEST, DRAKE—Anthony Brackett, son of Anthony, of Pottsmouth, N. H., married first Ann Mutton in 1679, and second, Susanna Drake, daughter of Abraham and Jane (—) Drake. Can any one tell me what the maiden name of Jane (—) Drake was, and anything about her parentage and family? —M. R. S.

988. LAMBERT—Can any one give me the parentage of John Lambert, of Norwich, Conn., who died July 30, 1727? What was his wife's name, and who were her parents? Where did she live? Any information concerning her family gratefully received.—S. G.

989. WHITNEY—Who was Mary, wife of Joseph Whitney, of Tamson, Mass.?

990. WHEELER—Edward Babessey



BAKING POWDER

-Absolutely Pure-

The housewife will find the Royal Baking Powder indispensable in making finest foods. It makes the hot bread, hot biscuit, cake and other pastry light, sweet and excellent in every quality.

Royal Baking Powder is made from pure grape cream of tartar, the most healthful and pleasant of all fruit acids, and adds anti-dyspeptic qualities to the food.

Many low-priced imitation baking powders are up on the market. These are made with alum, and care should be taken to avoid them, as alum is a poison, never to be taken in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

"I came pretty near getting engaged once."
"Why didn't you?"
"The day I made up my mind to propose to the girl I saw came along and asked me to go fishing."—Chicago News.

Special Sale.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, held on Tuesday, the 20th day of December, A. D. 1899, at the office of the PETTIGROWE, R. I., will install officers at their regular meeting.

ON THE PETTIGROWE, R. I., will install officers at their regular meeting. Randolph,